RAILROAD

AY 1977

MAGAZINE $1.00

302596 HRD 0788H095 04 R JAN79
MICHAEL J WARD 05
706 HOLBROOK
SUNNYVALE CA 94087

AN EXCITING OFFER TO RAILROAD MAGAZINE READERS

Now . . . brand new . . . RAILROAD Magazine is proud to offer on a limited basis the above reproduction of "The Twin Stack" in full color.

A 22 x 28 print in full color for only $10.00.

This reproduction was made from a black and white photograph by the famous railroad photographer Don Wood. There are no color photos of this engine and the artist's rendering is accurate in every detail.

ACT NOW. Perfect for framing. Collector's item.

RAILROAD MAGAZINE DEPT. BB
420 Lexington Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

CHECK ENCLOSED ☐ **BILL ME ☐**

$10.00 includes shipping and handling

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ **ZIP**_____

RAILROAD Magazine

Adventurous Railroading and Rail Hobbies—Founded 1906

MAY, 1977
Vol. 102, No. 1
ONE DOLLAR

FREEMAN HUBBARD
EDITOR

GORTON T. H. WILBUR
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

MICHAEL A. EAGLESON
STEAM LOCOMOTIVES

JIM EDMONSTON
DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES

BARBARA KREIMER
INFORMATION BOOTH

STEVE MAGUIRE
TRANSIT TOPICS

SY REICH
TECHNICAL EDITOR

HARRY C. EGNER
PUBLISHER

BILL BALGLEY
ADVERTISING MANAGER

JOSEPH MUCCIGROSSO
CIRCULATION MANAGER

ROBERT SMREK
PRODUCTION MANAGER

LAURETTA SILVER
CIRCULATION SERVICES

RAILROAD MAGAZINE is published monthly by Popular Publications, Inc., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Second-class postage paid at New York and additional mailing offices.

Copyright © 1977 by Popular Publications, Inc., under Universal, International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction, in whole or in part, in any form.

Single copy $1. Subscription in U.S.A.: one year $10, two years $18. Elsewhere: one year $12, two years $22. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office. Send all subscriptions and renewals to Railroad Magazine, Portland Place, Boulder, Colo. 80302. Address other mail to 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Printed in U.S.A. Query the editor before submitting manuscripts. We exercise care in handling unsolicited material, but assume no responsibility for its return.

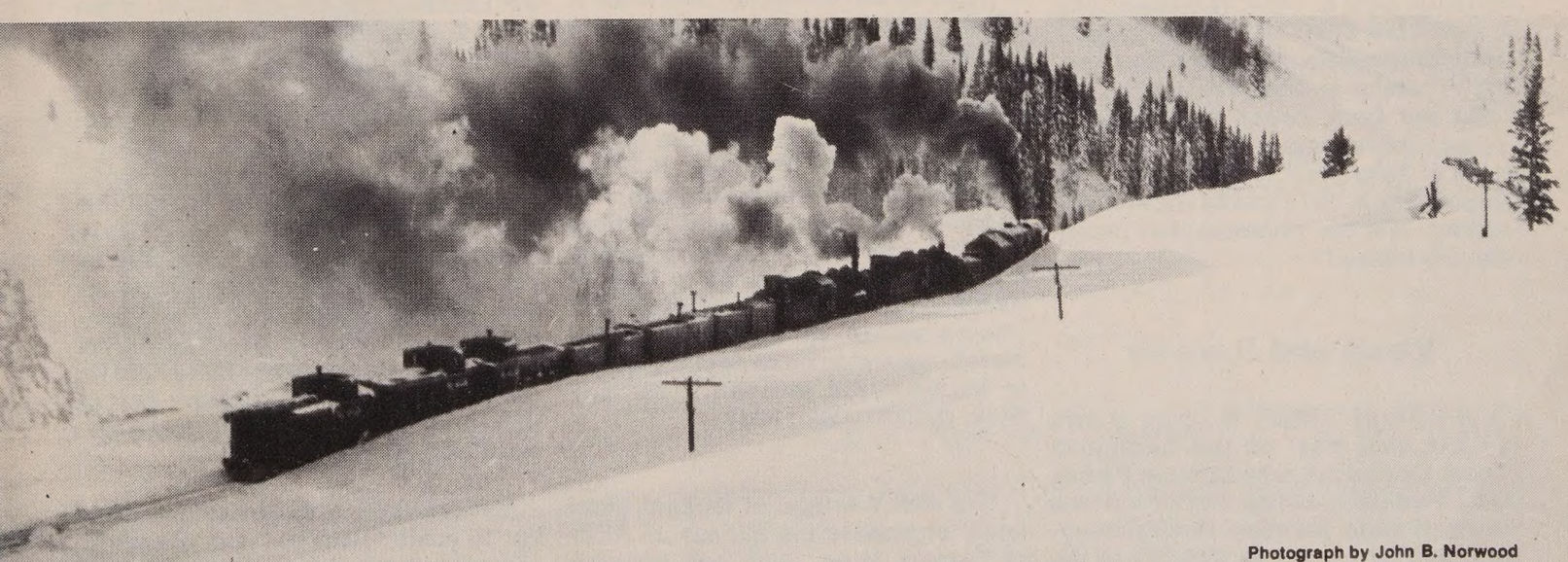
FEATURES AND STORIES

Wanderlust *(A boomer's life-story, Part 4)*
by Maxwell Swan 12
Raymond E. Ruffell, Interesting Railfan 173
by Freeman Hubbard 22
Photographs of the Month 27
The Open Gate *(Fiction)*
by E.S. Dellinger 34
Nerve Center of Long Island Rail Road 47

DEPARTMENTS

The Mail Car 2
Passenger Train Survey ... 20
Trackside in the Diesel Age
by Jim Edmonston 42
In Search of Steam
by Mike Eagleson ---------- 48
Transit Topics
by Steve Maguire 50
Information Booth
by Barbara Kreimer 53
Pen Pals Wanted 55
Books of the Rails
by Gorton T.H. Wilbur 56
The Hobby Club
by Sy Reich 58
The Switch List 62
Coming Events 64

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Postmaster, please mail Form 3579 notice to: RAILROAD, Portland Place, Boulder, Colo. 80302



Photograph by John B. Norwood

Rotary snowplow train at a wind cleared location just west of Osier, Colo., many years ago. Just ahead were towering drifts 20- to 25-feet to be cleared.

THE MAIL CAR

where editors
and readers meet

Placerville & Lake Tahoe No. 1, in rare shot of this 60-ton Shay, taken in 1906. P&LT bought loco off the Lima exhibition stand at St. Louis Exposition in 1904 for immediate operation on line.

C.W. Jernstrom, 822 Pelham Dr., Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46825

VICTOR G. WESTMAN, a locomotive engineer working for the Metropolitan Transportation Authority and living at 52 Bear Mountain Rd., Danbury, Conn. 06810, painted our front cover. It shows a New York, New Haven & Hartford train in 1940. The eastbound train slowly reaches the top of the long grade from Hopewell Jct. to West Pauling, N.Y. In those days, all eastbounds had pushers out of the Junction to Reynoldsville Summit, about two miles east of West Pawling.

The grade there is actually the climb over the range of hills separating the Hudson and Harlem valleys. From Reynoldsville to Summit is the West Patterson hill. All this is on the former Central New England, the great Maybrook freight line that crossed Poughkeepsie bridge, the New England gateway to the West. The original railroad there was the New York & New England, built in 1881. Westman, who is a member of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, calls his painting "Thunder at West Pawling."

On our back cover is a photo of Tehachapi helpers at a siding in the town of Tehachapi, Calif., made on an August day in 1975 just as the sun was setting. Will the photographer please identify himself?

Views and Reviews

MUCH INTEREST is being shown in that part of the Seaboard Coast Line which runs through Plains, Ga., President Jimmy Carter's home town. It runs between Montgomery, Ala., and Savannah, Ga. Which was the first railroad to reach Plains and why was it built? I understand that the old Savannah, Americus & Montgomery was built through Plains in the 1890s, but I can't find any record of the Seaboard's acquiring it. When did the Seaboard Air Line take over that route and from whom? When did passenger service end on that line? What kind of freight traffic does it handle today?—Pete Conovich (member of R&LHS), 64 Arrowhead Way, Darien, Conn. 06820.

WHAT I like especially about *Railroad* is its human interest, both male and female. I have been reading it since December 1929. Your fiction mirrors an exciting era.—K.H. Moltrecht, 1394 Zollinger Rd., Columbus, Ohio 43221.

DURING my recent two months in New Zealand I was given five cab rides in railcars, three in electric locos, one in a guards van (caboose), and three in a steam loco. I also rode in a car pulled by a steam tram. My biggest thrill was driving a steam loco for the first time. She was a handsome 0-6-0T, built 1897 in Glasgow, Scotland). I drove her on the Infants Creek Tramway at Shantytown, N.Z., up a 4 percent grade. The engineer gave me tips on handling her, but I did all the driving myself. New Zealand has a wide variety of builders of its locos; I counted 13. I photographed steam, electric, and diesel. I expect to be back in the States in March.—Bill Morgan, P.O. Box 6469, Oxnard, Calif. 93031.

THE ONLY bridge of its kind that I know of crosses the Minnesota River at Savage, Minn., with one lane for Minneapolis, Northfield & Southern Railroad traffic and one lane for automobile traffic. The MN&S, which owns the bridge, has requested permission to close it on the ground that it needs repairs, but this case has been postponed. Without it, motorists and truck drivers would have to take a much longer route.—Carl E. Ericson, 2421 Glenwood Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 55405.

OUR MARCH cover photo was made by C. Norman Beasley, manager of special projects for the Louisville & Nashville, who arranged the setup of old locomotive drawings and artifacts borrowed from Carl A. Love, L&N assistant vice president, operations.

IF THE DATE 1940 is right in your caption under the photo on page 21, Feb. issue, the train shown was not the *Phoebe Snow,* which didn't go into service until Nov. 1949. More likely it's the *Lackawanna Limited.*—C.W. Howell, 10 William St., Hallstead, Pa. 18822.

"I HATE people who hate my movie," says "Cassandra Crossing" director-co-writer, George P. Cosmatos. He refers to the $6 million Avoc-Embassy drama about a train carrying 1,000 passengers exposed to a deadly disease (which wastes the talents of such names as Sophia Loren, Martin Sheen, Ava Gardener, and Burt Lancaster. A newspaper critic said its dialogue was "stilted, its story execution dreary, its romantic entanglement boring."

ANSWERING a reader's question: For 36 years "Head-On Joe" Connelly earned a living by staging "cornfield meets" at fair grounds and elsewhere. Joe told his life story in detail in our

April '33 issue under the title "I Wrecked 146 Locomotives." His spectacles of two engines, mostly 4-4-0's, ramming head-on delighted many thousands of spectators who paid well to see the crashes.

Joe's first head-on crash was staged in 1906 at the Des Moines Fair in Iowa. Officials of the old Des Moines & Northwestern Railroad leased two locomotives for that purpose but refused to sell them. They apparently thought the Eight-wheelers would be repaired after the crash. It was not to be—the engines were demolished by the collision.

Joe had spent 20 days and $15,000 planning that pile-up. It involved laying temporary tracks at the fair ground and rilling the engineers and firemen on how to proceed with the crash. The exhibition not only came off as was planned but turned into a smashing beginning for a career of staging locomotive crashes. More than 89,000 persons paid 50 cents each to witness the event.

After a second crash in Kansas in the same year, Joe Connolly's fame spread. Cities such as Detroit, Atlanta, Grand Rapids, Salt Lake City, Omaha; and Lincoln, also Pittsburgh and Tampa, Fla., hosted his exhibitions. Crowds of 25,000 to 100,000 persons jammed fair grounds and arenas.

Later, Joe added wooden-bodied coaches to produce even more violent crashes. His idea of soaking coaches with gasoline and placing pots filled with live coals in the aisles to ignite the fuel when the trains hit brought gasps from crowds. His career ended at age 70, and he boasted that nobody had been killed or injured in his 73 performances.

Good-bye to the SD&AE!

ECONOMIC studies of the Southern Pacific's hurricane-damaged subsidiary, the San Diego and Arizona Eastern, dictate inexorably that nearly all of the 170-mile line must be abandoned. According to SP President Denman K. McNear, the decision was made after "five months of intensive examination of rebuilding costs as well as the economic potential of the railroad."

Authority for the abandonment is being sought from the Interstate Commerce Commission. The SD&AE, which runs between San Diego and El Centro, Calif., mostly desert country, suffered $1,270,000 in hurricane ravages last September 10th. Three trestles were demolished, five others wrecked. Washouts and slides destroyed the roadbed at more than 50 other locations, either burying the tracks or leaving them dangling like skeletons in the air.

The devastation occured in rugged terrain over 70 miles from just north of the Mexican border to Plaster City, California. But the 18-mile stretch of SD&AE line from Plaster City to El Centro would continue to be operated, McNear said, by the parent Southern Pacific, which connects with the short road at El Centro. SD&AE would cease operating south of the border over its 45 miles of track owned by a unit of the Mexican National Railways.

"The handwriting was probably on the wall for the SD&AE long before Hurricane Kathleen," McNear commented. "The line has always been subject to storm damage and always expensive to maintain, and it carried relatively little traffic. Just prior to the storm, only about 20 carloads of freight were being moved daily. After the line is torn up, transcontinental shipments will reach San Diego over Santa Fe's Los Angeles-San Diego route, with no freight-rate disadvantage to shippers or receivers there."

Never has the SD&AE had an easy life. Its history began in 1849 when U.S. engineers reported that San Diego, despite its fine harbor, needed an eastern railroad to prosper. But early efforts to organize such a rail-

A SEASONAL RELEASE— A TIMELESS REFERENCE

Ultra-fine screen photos in large format, original art and color plates support articles about steam locomotives, their history and nature.

Spring, 1977: **Rutland's Clean-Lined Engines – Vauclain Compounds – Kansas City Passenger Power – Western Maryland's Giant Decapods – Charles T. Felstead's Coast-to-Coast Photos.**

Also available:

Winter, 1976: **Dunsmuir; SP Shasta Div. Action – Colorado Midland Locomotives – Nickel Plate Hudsons – Deep South Photos by Frank Ardrey – Worthington Type BL Feedwater Heaters.**

Fall, 1976: **Louisville & Nashville Power – CNJ-Reading-B&O at Communipaw – Robert J. Foster Photo Classics – Roving Wabash 2-10-2s – Elesco Feedwater Heaters.**

Please fulfill the following order for Locomotive Quarterly (Payment is enclosed):

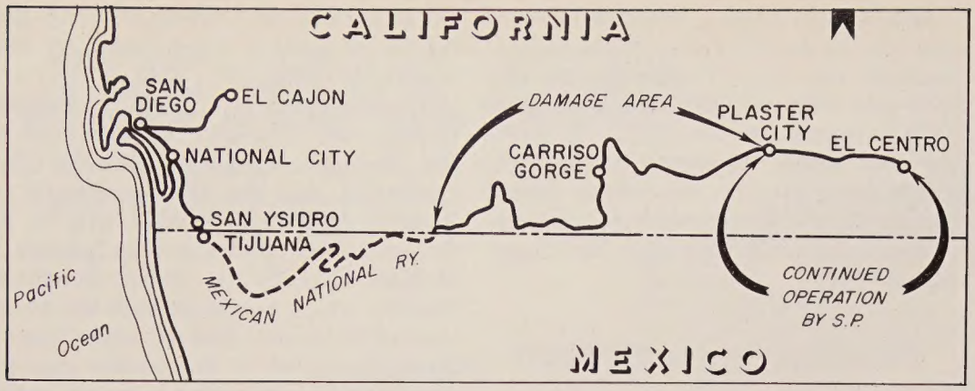
____ subscriptions @ $20.00 each ($23.00 overseas)
____ copies of Spring, 1977 @ $6.00 each ($6.95 overseas)
____ copies of Winter, 1976 @ $6.00 each ($6.95 overseas)
____ copies of Fall, 1976 @ $6.00 each ($6.95 overseas)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

METAPHOR, INC. Dept. **RR577**
P.O. Box 288
Homewood, Illinois 60430



Espee wants ICC okay to abandon most of the 1976 storm-damaged SD&AE.

San Diego & Arizona Eastern 451 leaving Calexico in happier days.

Photographs by Richard V. Steinheimer

A Baldwin diesel on SD&AE being inspected before leaving Calexico.

road faltered in the face of the awesome terrain it had to cross. The Texas & Pacific started a line thereabouts in 1872, but gave up after 10 miles of tough grading. Then in 1879 the Santa Fe ran surveys for a route from Yuma to San Diego, but wound up building from National City north to Colton instead.

At length in 1906, the year *Railroad Magazine* began publication, sugar magnate J.D. Spreckles settled in San Diego after fleeing from the San Francisco earthquake and fire, and chartered the San Diego & Arizona Railroad. After 13 surveys, he broke ground for a line which would dip down into Mexico for 45 miles to skirt the towering San Ysidro Mountains and then—north of the border again—hang on the side of Carriso Gorge for 11 twisting miles.

It took 12 years to build the little railroad. Utah Construction Company put 750 men into the gorge, drilling 22 tunnels and building the 27 wooden trestles which carry the line. In 1919 one tunnel collapsed, not long before completion of the railroad. Six months after the railroad was opened an avalanche destroyed the same tunnel.

Then in 1926 storms wiped out the line between Carriso Gorge and El Centro. In 1932, fire burned out timber supports in a tunnel, collapsing it and blocking traffic for 45 days. Shortly after reopening, the line was closed by a slide which destroyed another tunnel and forced the railroad to build a new tunnel and the world's second highest trestle. Months later, another tunnel burned, collapsed, and had to be replaced by a circuitous bypass. In 1933, the hoodoo line was sold to Southern Pacific and became the San Diego & Arizona Eastern Railway.

In 1970, ownership of the Tijuana & Tecate Railway Company, the subsidiary that operated the Mexican part of the route, was transferred from the SD&AE to the Sonora-Baja California Railway, and the line became part of the Mexican National system. SD&AE operates trains there under agreement with the Mexican Government.

McNear sums it up: "The SD&AE has outlived its usefulness. At one time it performed good service, but now its job is done."

The Personality Parade

JAMES F. ZARCONE, a disabled carpenter, owes his life to the Norfolk & Western. One day last winter he had to be taken from his home in Bucyrus, Ohio, to Columbus, 62 miles away, for treatment on a kidney dialysis machine. But high winds blowing more than a foot of new snow into drifts blocked the highway. Temperature was 8 below. State Highway Patrol had ordered everyone off the roads,

and because of a heart condition, Mr. Zarcone couldn't fly in a helicopter.

The N&W was having its own problems with drifting snow. But Clarke H. Hale, superintendent in the area, recognized the emergency and ordered a locomotive equipped with a snowplow to pick up the man at a street crossing near his home. After a three-hour run, more than twice the normal time, Mr. Zarcone reached Columbus. The Red Cross took him from the locomotive to the hospital. His doctor said, "If you hadn't gotten here when you did you would have died." Just another example of what the railroad can do when all other means of transportation fail.

KIRK F. HISE of Genoa, Ohio, found this item in a 1903 issue of *The Monroe* (Mich.) *Record:* "William C. Duboise, for many years a freight conductor on the Detroit Division of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, died at his home in Detroit . . . Out of respect, caboose 219, his old waycar, will be draped in mourning for a month."

(Ed. note: Many years ago, when I visited Casey Jones's widow at her home in Jackson, Tenn.—a building that has since become a museum—she told me that in her husband's time it was not uncommon for the caboose of a conductor killed in a train accident to be draped in black, but the Illinois Central finally forbade that practice because it had a bad effect on employees' morale.)

Also from *The Monroe Record* (Dec. 12, 1907): "A special train on the Ann Arbor Railroad carrying John Phillip Sousa's band from Toledo to Ann Arbor was wrecked by being thrown from the tracks by a derailer at the Wabash crossing in Milan. The baggage car and a coach were overturned. Engr. Steever had several ribs broken; the fireman also was badly injured."

CONGRATULATIONS to *Railroad Magazine* author Dick Murdock and beautiful Jayne May on their marriage February 19th. Besides being a Southern Pacific hogger, Dick is one of our *Interesting Railfans* and his written many fact and fiction stories for us over the years. Address: P.O. Box 343, Ross, Calif. 94957.

C.C. ROGERS said in your January issue that he may be the only living railroad man who worked before the 16-hour law took effect. Another such man is my brother, J.W. Wohnus, who was a Jersey Central brakeman working out of Bayonne, N.Y., in 1902 and on the New Haven at Mott Haven Yard in 1904 and on the Erie at Jersey City, N.J. He retired in 1955 and is living at 31 Dareger Pl., South River, N.J. 08882. I am retired from the CNJ after 49 years in engine service.—George R. Wohnus, Rte. 1, Lowman, N.Y. 24862.

Female Railroaders

AN IRONICAL footnote has been added to the deadliest elevated train crash in Chicago Transit Authority history. The February 4th train collision, which dropped cars onto Lake and Wabash streets, killing 16 people, also ended the amazing 63-year service record of Helen M. Best, payroll clerk with Grand Trunk Western. Helen, 82, the last of the 11 dead to be identified, had been a spry and vigorous woman whom shocked friends and associates thought to be "about 55." She had flatly refused to discuss her age or retirement because she never wanted to retire.

According to employee records, her 63 continuous years of service to the railroad set an all-time record, and some of the company's personnel records date from 1859. Employed at the GTW freight sales offices in Chicago's Loop area, Helen Best left work on February 4th and walked over to catch the 5:20 p.m. "el" (elevated commuter train) bound for suburban Oak Park. Ten minutes later she was dead under a pile of twisted metal.

SILVIA DUCKENS, the first woman locomotive engineer on Santa Fe's First District between Temple and Cleburne, Texas, was born in Cameron, Texas. Events leading to her present employment began when Jack Ratliff, a Santa Fe employee, was given her name as a possible candidate for a job. Silvia met the requirements for training as a locomotive engineer.

From October 22, 1975, through May 28, 1976, she was trained for the job. On the latter date she entered the engineers' school at Topeka, Kan. Six weeks later, she passed that training period, and went to work.

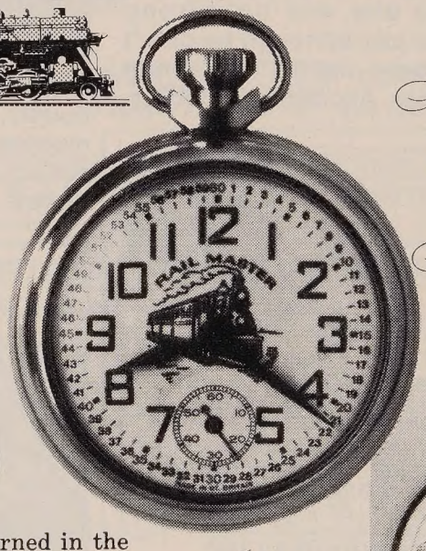
First, she worked as a hostler, inspecting each incoming train for sufficient oil, water, tools, and such necessaries for the next ordering out. Later she was changed to the engineer's job with the responsibility of handling trains on many trips throughout Texas and adjoining states.

MISS VICKEY COLEMAN of Mountain Home, Ark. has filed charges with the federal Equal Employment Opportunities Commission saying she was

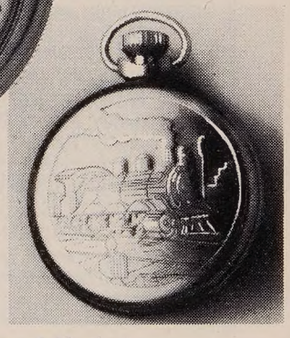
A CLASSIC RAILROAD WATCH

A DEPENDABLE TIMEPIECE IN THE OLD-TIME TRADITION!

ONLY $11.95



Beautifully Engraved Backplate



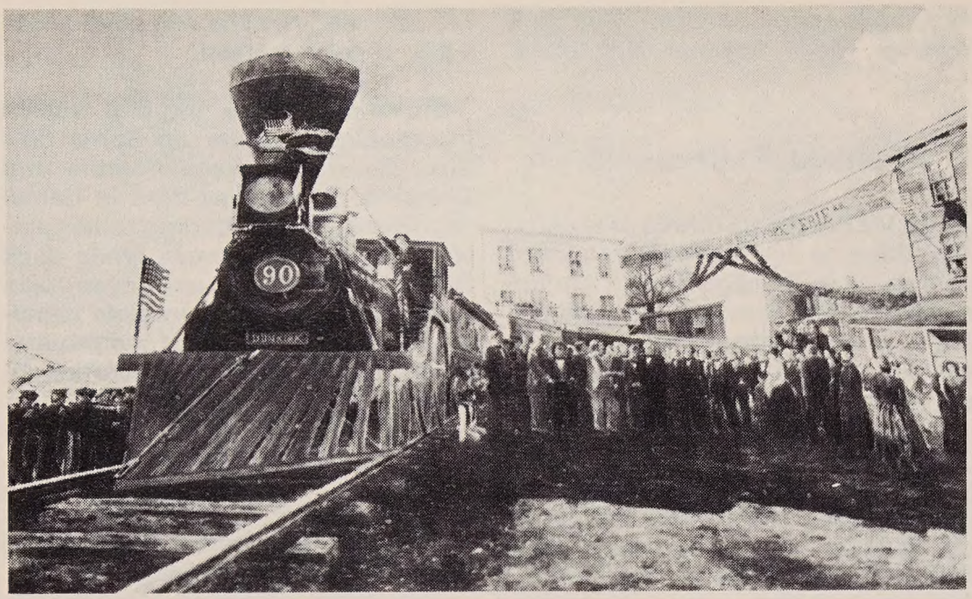
Jeweler's Gold-Tone Finish

A modern Pocket Watch patterned in the traditional *Railroad Style* used for decades by railroad men to keep exact, split-second time. Accurate! Dependable! A watch you'll be proud to own or give as a gift—now at an *amazing LOW price!* Precision movement, extra large markings, second hand, and heavy-duty case finished in polished jeweler's Gold-Tone with swivel. A steam locomotive is handsomely embossed on the backplate! Two styles of Gold-Tone Double Link Watch Chains are available or a fine quality leather holder to keep your watch securely on your belt. *Supplies are limited —order today.* Money-Back Guarantee!

No. 5131A—Railroad Pocket Watch 11.95
No. 5145—Double Link Watch Chain 1.98
No. 5146—Deluxe Heavy Watch Chain 2.98
No. 5135—Leather Watch Belt Holder 4.98

(Please enclose 80¢ on each order to pay part of shipping & handling costs. N.Y. State residents please add sales tax.)

MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY — SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK!
FOSTER-TRENT INC., 2345 POST ROAD, DEPT. 290-N, LARCHMONT, N.Y. 10538



"The biggest celebration that had ever occurred in New York State"—that is the description given to New York & Erie's first train in Dunkirk by Helen G. McMahon in her book, "Chautauqua County, A History." The Dunkirk Historical Society, celebrating its first birthday, presented this accurate painting of the 1851 event by William Burt to Dunkirk.

(Evening Observer, Dunkirk Fredonia)

fired by the Missouri Pacific Lines because of sex discrimination. She was the only woman brakeman in the state.

Vickey is 22, is 5 feet 10 inches tall, and weighs 145 pounds. She said she was fired Nov. 8th in a letter hand-delivered two hours and 10 minutes before she completed her 60-day probationary period and became eligible for union protection.

Trainmaster J.R. White of Carthage, Mo., told her she was not strong enough for the job, although he didn't say she had been unable to perform any of her duties. According to Vickey, after she completed a one-week brakeman's school at Fort Worth, Texas, at her own expense, she applied to White and he "made it very obvious that he didn't like to have a woman, but it was the Government that was making them."

Our Monthly Newscast

A NEW interchange with Conrail at Three Bridges, N.J., was opened on January 16th by the 19-mile Black River Western after four years of negotiations with Federal, state, county, and local officials, plus nine months of actual construction. Last spring, you may recall, BR&W acquired a five-mile portion of an old Jersey Central branch line between downtown Flemington and Three Bridges, and since then has entirely rebuilt it. The interchange provides improved service for Flemington, Copper Hill, Ringoes, and Lambertville. BR&W runs daily freight trains with two diesel locomotives. A third diesel is being overhauled in the road's shop at Ringoes. BR&W also has a steam loco, No. 6, readied for passenger service in late March. It needs a lot of volunteer help on Saturdays with its coaches.

A $970,631 LABOR DEPARTMENT contract enables the Southern Railway to hire and train on the job 1,164 unemployed persons in 13 southern and midwestern states. The one-year contract emphasizes training and employment of minorities, veterans, the unemployed, and underemployed. Persons selected for the program are being recruited from the areas where the jobs are.

NEW EXPERIMENTS are designed to increase the railroads' share of the

Interesting Railfan Dick Murdock, SP engineer and author of fact and fiction stories in our magazine, was married to Jayne May last Feb. 19th at their home in Ross, Calif. One wedding gift was an old Northwestern Pacific switch-stand.

Photograph by Ted Wurm

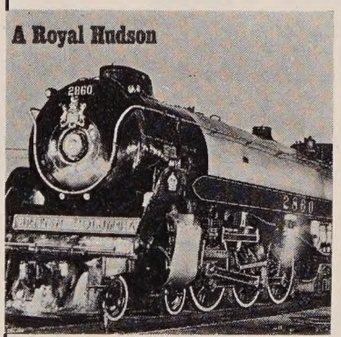
CLOTH
RAILROAD EMBLEMS
HICKORY STRIPE ENGINEER CAPS
SERVING: RAILROADS—MUSEUMS—
DEALERS—INDIVIDUALS—CLUBS
HISTORICAL SOCIETIES
INQUIRIES WELCOMED
OVER 375 DIFFERENT DESIGNS IN STOCK
MANY FROM DEFUNCT LINES
LIST & TWO SAMPLES EMBLEMS $1.25

BOSCH EMBROIDERY INC.
P.O. BOX 8565 KANSAS CITY,
MISSOURI 64114
ORIGINATORS & MANUFACTURERS OF RAILROAD EMBLEMS SINCE 1926

More Than 750 Steam Locomotives
in U.S. and Canada!

NEW listing shows each loco, its number, railroad, wheel arrangement, location, and whether operational. Many retired electrics & diesels also. Only $2 from "Where to Find Them," P.O. Box 456, Dunellen, NJ 08812 (NJ residents add 10¢ tax).

RECORD of the MONTH
SB 4504 A Royal Hudson



to readers of RAILROAD
$6.49
this month ONLY to your DOOR

STEREO/QUAD [CD-4] 12" LP

A beautifully restored locomotive, in equally beautiful surroundings, No. 2860 does her thing with five track side scenes, specifically planned for stereo/quad recording. Then, side two takes us in the cab, cleverly edited for continuity, where stack talk and whistle sounds abound. There is no excuse for not adding this album to your collection. Do it now!

Offer good only during month of this magazine issue.

— FREE Catalog upon request —

Mobile Fidelity Records
P.O. Box 336, Burbank. Calif. 91503
or see your Hobby/Record Dealer
Stereo 8 or Quad 8 Track Tape — $7.49

SPACE-AGE WRAPAROUND SUNGLASSES MAKE ALL OTHERS OBSOLETE!

FIT COMFORTABLY OVER YOUR OWN GLASSES!

Ideal for both men and women

Molded from ***unbreakable*** *LEXAN® Resin — the* ***strong-as-metal*** *plastic! Tough as Metal! Clear as Glass!* ***Safest Plastic In The World!***

Space-Age Wraparounds - with the Toughest, Safest, Longest Lasting Lenses Ever Made!

Now . . . from the world's strongest plastic, developed to protect the astronauts—as windows in their space capsules and face shields in their moon-walk space suits—comes Space-Age Wraparound Sunglasses! Made of GE's LEXAN® Resin — the strong-as-metal clear-as-glass plastic that withstands the most shattering impact **without a dent,** and is unaffected by the most intense heat . . . the most frigid sub-zero weather!

This is the extraordinary protection Space-Age Wraparound Sunglasses give you! They're the safest-against-impact sunglasses you can buy. **Won't chip, crack or shatter!** In fact, their impact resistance is **fifty** times greater than federal regulation standards for safety glass! And the space-age design gives you **wraparound protection** from the sun's harsh glare. The Side-And-Top Shield Construction surrounds your eyes in glare-free comfort! For added safety against the sun, the exclusive optometrist-designed Solar-Tone® Coloring screens out a full 86% of all dangerous ultra-violet and infrared rays that can damage your eyes and cause fatiguing strain. The color-faithful blue-green lenses won't fade!

Space-Age Wraparounds are glamorous, too! Their streamlined, futuristic design gives both men and women a pace-setting, jet-set look! And they're light as a feather . . . you'll hardly know you're wearing them. Outdoor sports lovers love them for everything from skiing to backpacking to hunting!

They're large enough to fit comfortably over regular eyeglasses, doing away with clumsy clip-ons! And contact-lens wearers get an extra safety bonus—because Space-Age Wraparounds do an unbeatable job of safeguarding eyes from wind-blown dust and grit.

Don't trust your precious eyes to ordinary sunglasses! Protect them with the super-strength plastic developed for the astronauts . . . in glasses made from GE LEXAN® Resin! One size fits all. Space-Age Wraparound Sunglasses are only $9.99—order now!

© JAY NORRIS CORP. 1977

380 Madison Ave., Dept. 252-4 , New York, N.Y. 10017

90 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

Wear a Pair of Space-Age Wraparound Sunglasses 90 Days. If not completely satisfied—return for prompt refund of purchase price.

JAY NORRIS Corp., 380 Madison Ave.
Dept. 252-4 , New York, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me_____pair of SPACE-AGE WRAPAROUND SUNGLASSES (#R934) @ $9.99 purchase price per pair plus 90c shipping and handling.

☐ SAVE! Order TWO Pair for only $17.99 purchase price plus $1.25 shipping and handling.

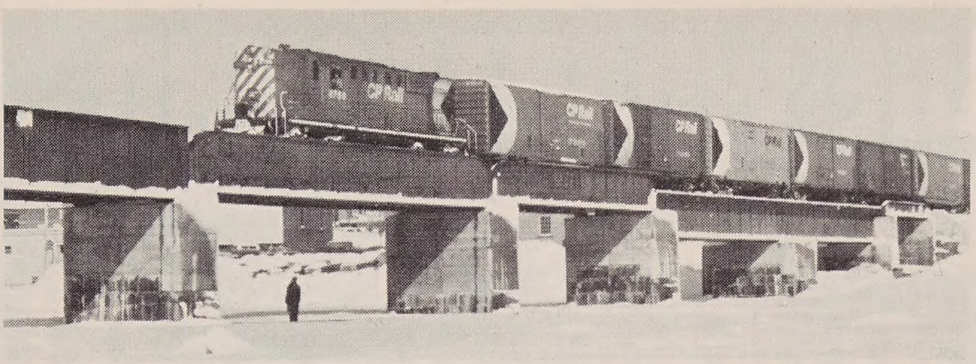
Enclosed is ☐ check or ☐ money order for $_____
Sorry, no C.O.D.'s—(N.Y. residents add sales tax.)

PLEASE PRINT
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____



This CP Rail freight train is the first to cross the railway's new $700,000 bridge at Woodstock, N.B. The 449-ft. bridge, located on the 105-mile McAdam-Aroostook line, was rebuilt after big 1976 floods. CP Rail

haul of manufactured goods, stabilize employment, and benefit shippers. The Association of American Railroads and the Federal Railroad Administration have entered into a three-year $1.3 million contract to evaluate the potential for improved intermodal freight services in selected corridors and to assist the railroads in applying these concepts to other markets.

The goals are to improve labor and capital productivity, to conserve energy, and to increase the number and quality of jobs. As part of the program, railroad operating unions will accept changes in work rules so that the experiments can be made in actual operating conditions. Individual employees are protected against loss in wages during the period.

THE COLLEGE of Marin, a community (junior) college in California, has been including railroad history tours in its adult-education, off-campus environmental program. Under the title of "Marin Adventures," the idea is to get individuals and families out to directly experience history, ways of life, aspects of nature. Scheduled once or twice a year in the series, the railroad weekends have so far covered the Mt. Tamalpais & Muir Woods RR. and North Pacific Coast narrow gage as far as Point Reyes. An evening slide show precedes the weekend; then on Saturday mornings, the participants take off.

For the Tamalpais trip, members hiked over the abandoned right-of-way. Rail historians Ted Wurm and Al Graves pointed out historic landmarks and relics as the walk progressed. The night was spent at a quaint old inn which had been built and operated by the railway company until abandonment in 1930. Another slide talk followed pot-luck dinner. Historians were guests the next morning at the area fire station, where members presented a slide show on the mountain history. The North Pacific Coast tour was primarily by bicycle on a new Bicentennial bike route that largely follows the old railroad grade out of Sausalito. Such trips, which are conducted for a moderate fee, could well be made elsewhere throughout the country.

King of the Hobos

STEAM-TRAIN MAURY GRAHAM, 13338 Colton, Toledo, Ohio 43609, was elected King of the Hobos at the latest National Hobo Convention in Britt, Iowa. He has written *History of the Hobos, Vagabonds, and Nomads,* a useful reference booklet for anyone interested in the subject but not available to the public. Wearing a tattered coat, he has appeared several times on national TV. When the movie "Emperor of the North" was released, the film studio contacted Graham for the premiere in New York, and he showed up with a motley group of bums.

"Hoboing is failing fast," Graham says. "One of the big reasons is that boxcars now are bigger and made different from what they used to be. They're taking all those old cars off the trains. Used to be they'd unload a boxcar and leave the door to the empty ones open. A hobo would find an open door and crawl in. It was convenient. There would be a lot of nice cardboard and paper for your bed.

"Now, the big cars are kept closed while in motion. A hobo can't find one open. Why, I've gone all along a freight train for a mile and a half and couldn't find one open and empty.

"Used to be, train cars that carried trailer-vans also were a good place to ride. In the summertime you could climb on and lean against the wheels of the trailers and travel in style. Also in the summertime, you could ride on the back of certain types of grain cars on a little steel platform. It was a wonderful place to ride. You don't see many of that kind of car anymore either.

"Now and then, whenever a hobo dies in the East, somebody finds me and I go and do a ceremony on him. The last one was last August in Liberty Center, Ohio. There was an old hobo, 74 he was, named Abraham Lincoln Halley, who'd been riding the rails in Milwaukee. They shipped him home to Liberty Center, his hometown. I went to the funeral and found out some things about him. Then I put a red handkerchief on his body and a note with my picture as the king. Since he was a Christian, I wrote on the note: 'Christ has caused you to pass over Jordan on your last journey.' A lot of hobos today aren't too far off from their own last journeys."

Teamsters of Long Ago

DAVE JUDD, an early-day Mormon teamster, used to come to my depot, and we'd have an "anecdotic jam." Light leaking through a crack in the stove door fit the mood perfectly.

In 1906, the new Western Pacific rail line, crawling across the Great Salt Lake flats, stalled temporarily just west of where the Bonneville racetrack is today. Mounds of freight, destined for the Ely mining district, piled up on the Utah-Nevada line until teamsters showed up to move it. Dave was one of them, so let's listen to his version.

"We'd load up our wagons in the dark, and leave the salt flats at the first peep of daylight, with a heavy cargo for Bews, a station 45 miles west on the Nevada Northern Railroad. It was mostly uphill the first day, but if we whipped up right smart, we'd make night camp at a spring, a little ways down from Silver Zone Pass.

"The trip down from the pass was mostly a tight line and brake job. The mules loved their good friend gravity, but I didn't. Thick alkali dust, boiling up around the rig like smoke from a grass fire, made us hide behind wet bandanas in order to breathe. We'd usually pull up to Bews' platform an hour before sun down. Me and my partner would pronto the unloading, and be settin' at a long table eatin' supper in the boardin' house, quite a spell before lamp-lightin' time."

When I asked Dave if Indians ever gave him much trouble on the road, he replied: "Nope. In fact, I never saw but one band of Indians the whole time. They crossed our trail about a mile ahead, with their ponies pointed south. I calculated they were headed for the Gold Hill country to get piñon nuts. Talkin' about trouble," Dave went on, "that hoodlum bunch and their painted gals, whoopin' the night away in the Blind Tiger saloon at Bews rumpled our sleep. But one night bleary eyes at the Blind Tiger started tradin' lead. When it was all over, the Bews cemetery was the winner with two brand new graves. We got some sleep, after that."—R.M. Lowe in *Western Pacific Mileposts.*

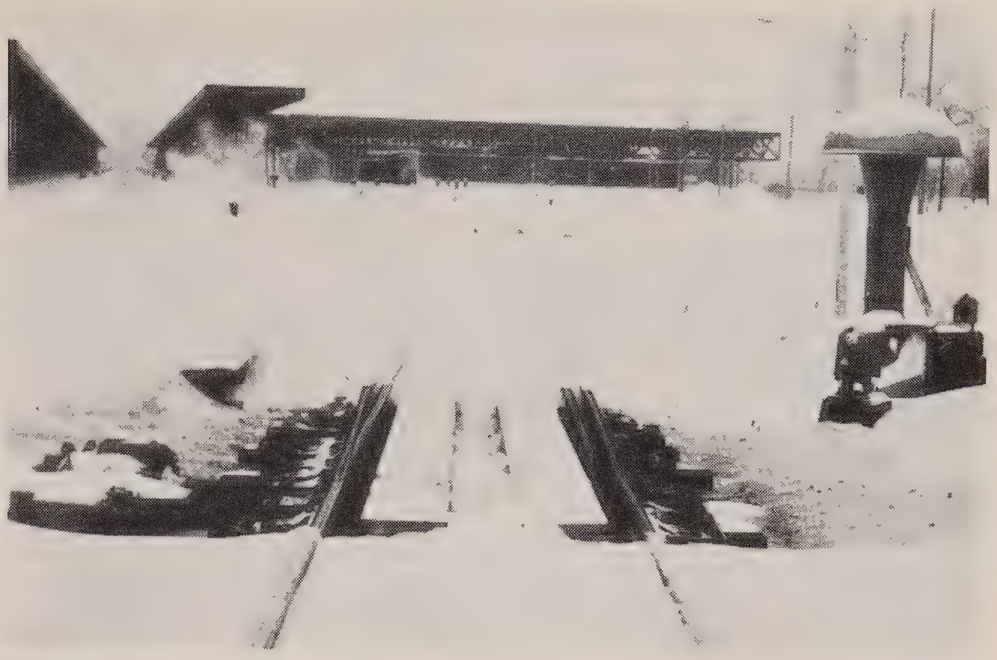
Canada Heard From

MY LIFE came close to ending suddenly in January, 1927. I was then a Canadian Pacific fireman at Revelstoke, B.C. One cold wintry morning I headed down to the roundhouse to check my position on the spare board. Near the shops I met a young fireman named Griffith, a friend of about my own age, 19. He had just been ordered to Beavermouth, some 60 miles east, to relieve the fireman on a pusher engine there. Shortly afterward I found I was next in line for a trip, having just missed that Beavermouth job.

A few days later, the CPR mainline was tied up by the collapse of Surprise Creek bridge between Glacier and Beavermouth. To my horror I learned that Griffith and his engineer, Bert Woodland, had "gone to glory" when their engine went down with the bridge! Having completed an assist from Beavermouth up the long grade to Glacier, about 25 miles, they had received orders to return to Beavermouth with their engine, a 2-10-0 (Decapod) oilburner in the 5700 class. Coupled behind another engine heading east from Glacier, they drifted downgrade through the five-mile Connaught Tunnel and soon thundered holowly over Stoney Creek bridge a few miles east of the tunnel. That structure is 286 feet high, the loftiest single-span bridge on the CPR system. A few miles further on, they approached Surprise Creek bridge, over which there was a slow order due to the fact that the old wooden structure was being replaced by steel.

So the two pushers proceeded cautiously at 10 miles per hour. The heavy-timbered bridge creaked and groaned ominously as they made their way to the far side. Suddenly, with only a short distance to go, the crew on the lead engine felt the bridge giving way beneath them! With quick presence of mind, the hogger on the lead engine yanked his throttle wide open and roared just barely onto solid ground.

But the rear pusher, with Woodland and his fireman went down with the collapsing bridge, breaking the coupling between the two locomotives as she fell. The engine dropped 75 feet to the frozen creek bank, then rolled another 100 feet on the ice. Later, the 5700 had to be cut into sections before she sould be hauled from the icy depths of the creek. A long time went by before I recovered from the shock of my friend's death and the realization that I had come close to getting that fatal run myself.—Bert Lanning, 717 Pandora Ave., Victoria, B.C., Canada V8W IN9.



Canadian National Railways has been testing an air curtain that blows falling snow away from a switch. The protective curtain is formed just above the rail by a 100-mph air stream from nozzles between the rails.

Canadian National Railways

CANADIAN NATIONAL's experimental use of a new switch protector for winter conditions created a lot of interest, especially during "the big freeze." The railway's engineering and research people, in cooperation with the National Research Council, are developing an air curtain that blows falling snow away from railway switches. The protective curtain is formed just above the rail by a 100-mph air jet from nozzles along a pair of ducts between the rails. The unit consists of a mushroom-shaped inlet, electric fan, and ducts for distributing the compressed air.

Compared to the oil-fired and propane melters, the air curtain saves installation costs, energy consumption, and maintenance. It also eliminates potentially dangerous fires associated with thermal melters. CN has officially approved the air curtain for its yards and terminals and as we go to press is testing it along the mainline.

CP RAIL has fully restored rail service to its 105-mile line between McAdam and Aroostook, N.B. The line had been in partial operation since April, 1976, when spring floods washed out a 449-foot bridge at Woodstock. Cost of reopening the line was over $1 million, with some $1,700,000 being used to rebuild the bridge. CP Rail will run about three trains a day over the reopened line and grant running rights to CB Rail trains into Woodstock.

A PROPOSAL by Canadian National President Robert Bandeen that stock of the publicly-owned rail system be sold on the open market is denounced by Don Taylor, assistant national director of the United Steelworkers. "The idea is scandalous," he says, "because it would deliver the CNR to private ownership. What Bandeen is saying is that whenever a publicly-owned enterprise makes a profit it should be handed to so-called 'private enterprise.' Where an enterprise requires public assistance, then the good old faithful taxpayer should pay the bills to provide essential services to the Canadian people."

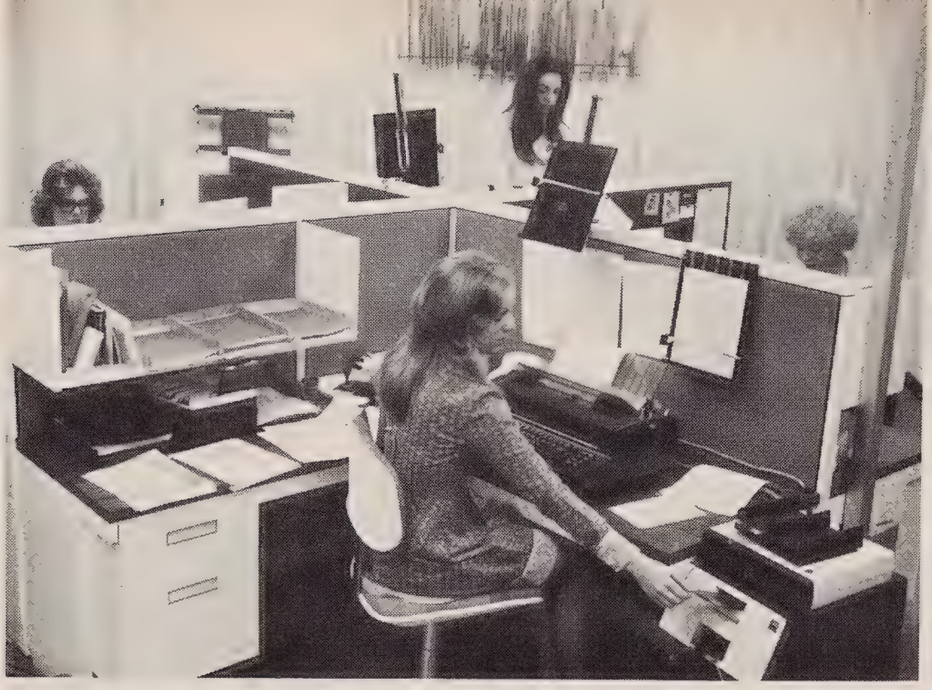
ALLAN R. NICOL, a CP Rail machinist, received $4,043 for his clever suggestion for reducing a Weston wheel-shop problem by 90 percent. It is the second highest award the company ever paid for a new idea offered by one of its employees. (Maybe some reader will tell us about the top award.) Jubilant Allan promptly spent the money on a snow-blower and new furniture for his Montreal home.

His suggestion calls for adapting axle lathes to obtain more consistent cutting angles by chamfer tools. The adaptation provides for use of a replaceable cutting edge, a throwaway insert that requires no re-grinding, and simplifies the process of changing tools.

Allan explains: "We had a problem with chamfers previously done by hand because of discrepancies in angles and depths which caused poor wheel starts at the mounting press, resulting in a very high percentage of misfits and torn wheel seats that ultimately led to the scrapping of axles."

Overseas Railroading

RECENTLY the press announced the opening of a new rail route of about 300 miles in Jugoslavia to Bar on the Adriatic Sea. A 1976 opening



Dictation recorded on discs in cartridges is transcribed on one of six IBM Mag Card typewriters in marketing's word processing center at Union Pacific Railroad in Omaha, Nebraska.

IBM Mag Card II typewriters have an electronic memory which holds up to 8,000 characters or about 2½ pages. To speed up and simplify typing, units have an erase mechanism which simultaneously removes typing mistakes from memory and errors from typed pages. Unidentified Union Pacific gal puts in busy day with the new machines.

had been predicted in the March issue of *Cook's* (a British monthly comparable to *The Official Guide* and which now includes Amtrak plus the basic rail and water passenger services of Europe, Asia, and Africa). Although I was fairly close to the new railway while on a tour, I did not cross another border to see it for myself.

Eastern Europe, a book by George W. Hoffman, published in 1970, has in it an essay by Orme Wilson, Jr., who relates that the World Bank lent $50 million in 1968 to assist in building the new Jugoslavian railway, a project dated from 1878 to 1976. The line is standard gage, single track, electrified, and has about 50 miles of tunnels, 353 in all, some as long as four miles.

Much of the railway hangs on mountain shelves, reminding me of the Denver & Rio Grande Western. One gorge is about 660 feet deep. Quite a viaduct! For 40 miles there is a grade of 2.5%. The U.S. railroads tried to keep to somewhat less than 2.2%, but Mexico's standard-gage drop from its capital to the coast at Vera Cruz via Cordoba is 4.7%, where you can smell the brake-shoes on former New York Central conventional coaches. Level speeds on tangents of the new railway were predicted at 80 miles per hour and on curving sections at 55 mph. Power is 25,000-volt, AC, 50-cycle. The 1972 cost estimate was $211 million.

Author Wilson notes three attractions for building the line. One, of course, is freight from a seaport to the interior. Another is the concern for Montenegro, a former small nation which you may remember from pre-WWI maps. The third is development of the area for agriculture—and tourism! I, for one, am glad to have helped to build this railroad with the World Bank's boost. But I wish the World Bank would lend a quarter of the cost of electrifying it to some U.S.A. and Canadian lines, too.

Here is the clincher: a 1969 World Bank loan of $30 million went to help build 123.2 km. of highway, four-lane and two-lane. This means that the cost of a kilometer of easy road averaged $608,000 (total cost $75 million). A kilometer of mountainous rail cost $568,000. Moreover, imagine the extra expense of four-lane highway tunnels! Wilson claims the Bar railroad cost less than half the price of a highway.

I suggest another factor in the comparison: trucking is labor-intensive compared to rail. Especially in English-speaking North America are drivers' wages high. We may assume they are far lower in sparsely-developed mountainous areas of Yugoslavia. So a U.S.A. comparison would make the use of rails even better. Yet we allow our North American railroads to deteriorate and we shove more business to the truckers! One reason why the Yugoslavians favor electricity over diesel is that their oil must be imported. Come to think of it, how much oil destined for us from abroad is floating on the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Delaware River?—William C. Kessel *(Interesting Railfan),* 80 Center St., Hamburg, N.Y. 14075.

EVER HEAR of the GSE? It's the only internationally-run railway system in the whole of Europe, with 137 miles of track operated between Austria and Hungary. Another unusual rail line is the SNIM in West Africa, 200 miles long, which carries iron ore from the mines to the Atlantic port of Nouadhibou.

IN TOKYO'S busy Shiniuku railway station between 75 and 80 "pushers" are normally employed to use their muscular strength in cramming commuters into railway cars. But whenhwinter came on and commuters wore bulky clothing, the cramming became more difficult, so 30 more pushers were hired to do the job.

WITH A ROAR, tons of valuable coal clatter into waiting railroad cars in Soviet Russia. The long train pulls out, heading for a power plant. But by the time it gets there, a lot of the coal has simply vanished. Twenty million tons a year disappear in transit around the nation—a serious matter for a country that depends on coal to generate 80 percent of its electricity. The figure about equals the amount by which national production is growing each year.

Thieves? A nefarious plot to swindle the government? No—railroad cars whose wooden floors and walls are full of holes. Coal falls out continually and bounces away.

These chinks in Soviet energy policy have been revealed by an irate expert from Donetsk, in the Ukraine, the country's oldest coal basin. Signing himself an engineer-economist, U. Ugryunmov has written a stern article in the newspaper *Socialist Industry* in which he blames the Ministry of Railroads for the lamentable state of affairs.

Each day, engineer Ugryumov writes, the Soviet coal induetry loads 10,000 cars of coal. But one coal enrichment plant in Donetsk has found that 20 percent of all cars allocated to it by the railroad ministry need serious repair. Holes in floors and walls were as much as two inches across. Only 14

percent of cars met normal standards (holes no larger than one-third of an inch). There are cars whose walls and bottoms resemble a sieve, he writes.

But finding answers is not so easy as it might seem. If a mine rejects faulty cars, it gets no replacements and thus cannot make its deliveries, he writes. If it decides to do the repairs itself, it has to hire more workers, overspend its allocated salary budget and throw its plans out of whack—and coal is more expensive.—David K. Willis in *Christian Science Monitor.*

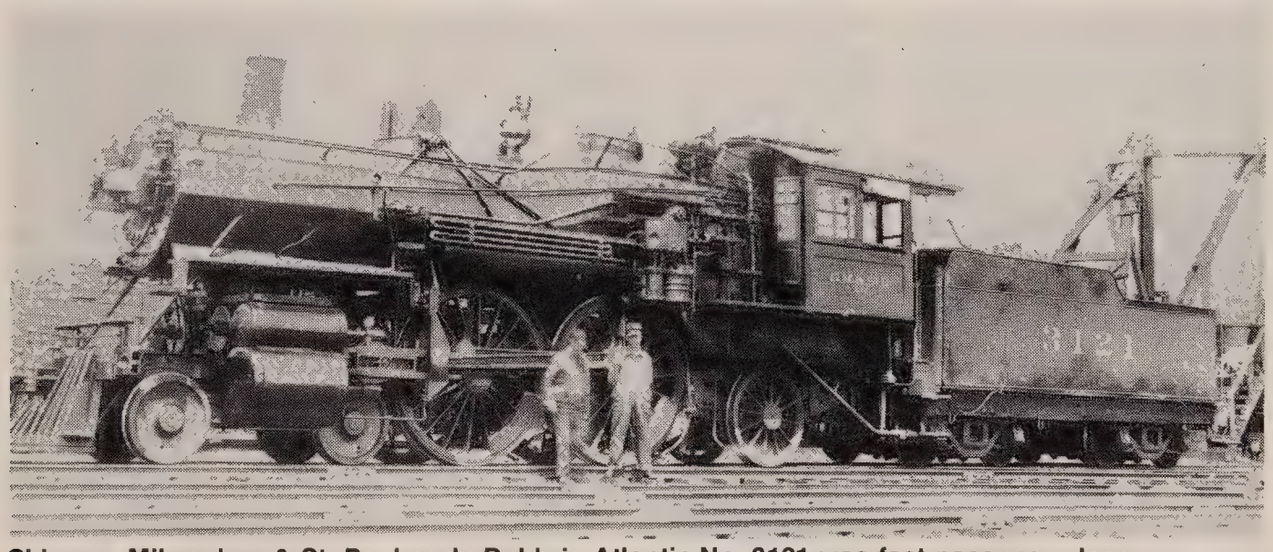
SECONDS after an engineers' train he was driving on British Rail had collided with a light engine, Ferryhill driver Jimmy Coull ran the fastest half-mile of his life in a bid to stop a King's Cross-Aberdeen express from ploughing into the wreckage. His frantic waving of a red lamp was spotted by the passenger train's driver just in time to avoid a serious accident.

BRITISH RAIL'S Advanced Passenger Trains (APT) project is designed as a cost-effective solution to the problem of providing fast interurban transport on existing tracks, in both financial and energy consumption terms. APT have developed from a program of research into the dynamics of rail vehicles—passenger and freight—which was started in 1964 at the then newly established Railway Technical Centre in Derby, England. The trains are being built in that city.

During its successful development phase, it became the fastest train ever to turn in Britain, making 152 mph on August 10, 1975! Even more significantly, two months later, it covered the 99 miles between London and Leicester in 58½ minutes!

This demonstration showed just how effectively APTs can improve on the performance of present-day trains. The fastest scheduled inter-city trains are timed to cover the London-Leicester distance in 84 minutes, an average speed of 70.7 mph. APT-E cut the journey time by nearly one-third, averaging hyst over 100 mph.

In Oct. '74 with government approval, British Railways Board authorized the building of three prototype electrically-propelled and passenger-carrying APTs. When APT-Ps enter experimental commercial service, the maximum speed will be limited to 125 mph, giving a possible travel time of 3 hrs., 57 mins. from London to Glasgow with one intermediate stop. This compares with the best present-day timing for the 401-mile run of 5 hours. Each train will seat 592 passengers. Test running starts this year.



Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul early Baldwin Atlantic No. 3121 was fast passenger loco.

Collection of Gorton T. H. Wilbur

WANDERLUST

by Maxwell Swan

PART FOUR

FEUDS between engine and train men were quite common in my day. Why do you suppose an engineer or fireman refers to his conductor as "the brains," if not sarcastically? A famous bit of poetry entitled "Hoghead's Last Request," based on such a feud, must have been written by a conductor of the old school, judging from the way it satirizes the man at the throttle.

This brings to mind a certain hot sticky night in July 10, 1910, when we were making up a train in a desert yard of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. Our skipper was a fighting Irishman named McCann, husky and round-faced and with bright blue eyes. The engineer was no less of a scrapper. I recall him as a big surly fellow from the Panama Canal, but I don't remember his name. There was bad blood between those boys.

As I followed the engine that night I noticed we were coming up against the cars too forcibly. Every time we hit a string of them the impact was so violent that it rang the locomotive bell. Now,

such things can happen once or twice from pure coincidence, but when it goes on as a regular practice you know that somebody back there in the yard wants to make life miserable for the hogger.

I was getting a rough ride for my money and I didn't like it very much. When you're hanging onto a grab-iron with one hand and holding a lamp in the other, a sudden bump can twist your arm and shoulder painfully. So as soon as I got a washout from the rear I unloaded.

You pound your feet pretty hard that way and you run up shoemaker's bills, but it was better than the grinding twist that damn near wrenched my arm off. While I was walking the cinders, whatever my playmates did was okay with me. They could ring the bell fifty times for all I cared.

However, the engineer was not in a mood of Christian resignation. He let off a barrage of oaths after a particularly vicious smash that must have loosened his teeth.

I gathered that I was the target of his wrath. Well, that would never do. I strolled over to the engine.

"If you're cursing me," I called up to him, "lower your voice so I can't hear it; but if you're cursing them, raise it so they can hear you. I'm only passing what I get."

THAT speech wasn't so brave as it sounds. I knew about fisticuffs myself. In fact, I had fought in some preliminaries on Chicago's north side back in the days when every local hall held its boxing bouts and I had quit the game only when I found that my hands and what few brains I had then couldn't take the beating they got for twenty bucks a go. During that time I had learned enough to get by in defense, if necessary, as well as how to put out a healthy swing or two myself. I figured the profane hogger would be pretty logy from having occupied a seatbox for years. So I had nothing to fear.

The huge fellow glowered at me. "I ain't mentionin' names," he said, "but one more crack from you and I'm comin' down outa this cab."

"Any time you're ready," I challenged. "But you oughta see I'm not making these switching moves. If you don't like the way the hind end is doing this job, you've got a whistle to tell 'em. Anyway, leave me out of it."

"I'll leave nobody out of it."

Well, I couldn't do much about that. Supposing I should go up the gangway after him, the big palooka could punch me into the next country, as my hands would be on the grab-irons. So I exchanged a few more words with him.

Then, the first thing I knew, conductor McCann was standing beside me, his usually cherubic face working in passion.

"Damn you!" he yelled at the hogger. "Don't go bawling out my crew. That's my job."

"Your job?" The big fellow's reply was scornful. "You ain't got a job here. You're just a flunkey bringin' orders to me."

Well, this seemed to be it. Those two boys were sore at each other, so I sat down on a tie to watch the fun. I wanted a ringside seat. However, nothing happened, aside from choice mud-slinging. All the deficiencies of engineers and conductors in general were washed out that hot night with the desert moon riding serenely above us.

THE HOGGER wouldn't come down and Mac refused to go up. There was only one lad I knew who would have gone up after him. I refer to the square-blocked boomer trainman from Spokane whom I mentioned last month. Spokane was a bad hombre, no fooling, with few human traits about him.

When Spokane took off his derby in the caboose to wash, there was nothing above his eyebrows but a funny-shaped dome like a gorilla's. It scared you just to look at him. His thick, wide shoulders were bad enough. What really cooled you down was his catlike agility.

You don't ordinarily mind a large guy, but when he's the fastest thing you've ever seen in trousers, you edge away from him instinctively if trouble seems to be brewing. Funny, though, but behind that simian forehead of Spokane lay a keen brain. Switching may not look like an intellectual job, but it calls for fast thinking.

Yes, Spokane was smart in his work, but so were most of the boomer trainmen and switch hands during that period. Dump them in a strange yard at night and they'd light on their feet like panthers and make the right moves as though they'd been born and raised there.

The clever ones must have followed this game because they got paid for playing problems like those found in chess. Ten minutes after you plunged into activity in an unfamiliar yard, the boys there had pegged your correct number by the way you shifted your pieces. A way-freight game on the St. Paul road was no cinch. Other pikes had regularly scheduled way-freights; all they took along were their peddlers and their setouts. The St. Paul when I was a youngster had no such scheduled trains; or if they did, those trains seldom ran.

Occasionally as in the case of an extra through freight, you would do some way-freight routine. This was okay, mainly because you'd be given the higher differential in pay. When you, as an extra, caught a way-freight run you really earned your money. The towns were dependent upon railroads for their goods. When you had a full car, you set it out. When there were job lots, you unloaded them by hand. You had to be sturdy to take half a hog out of a car and set it on the ground.

I didn't mind it much. Hard labor kept me in trim for mouthy hoggers. But it was kind of tough on the aristocrats, the professional boomers who'd rather starve to death than engage in such toil. The kid-glove boys would switch cars all day but shied at menial work.

I saw many a drifter, when his car was called for way-freight, jerk his blanket off the bed, gather his belongings, and depart for greener pastures. Those fellows weren't exactly quitters; they'd merely report sick and catch another car. They liked change anyway, as who doesn't?

THE ST. PAUL ROAD was prolific in 'bo money, for it tapped the harvest fields of the North-

west and the lumber industries of Puget Sound. I never cared for that kind of blood money, but with an occasional greedy conductor or a fellow trainman out for easy jack I'd go along in order to keep peace in the family.

With some crews it was standard practice to comb the train, herding all the "passengers" into one boxcar and locking all the other cars. A dollar a division was standard fare, and we would load or unload them just like a regular passenger train. The only thing missing was the conductor's punch.

One dirty trick bothers my conscience to this day. We were making up our train at Othello, Washington, while a freight stood ready on the main to leave for Cle-Elum, in the same state. Down the tracks, a gang of bums were waiting to be invited aboard, with their fares in their hands. But apparently the crew on that train was too busy or too moral to collect, for nobody came around to them while we stood there watching.

The sight of that loose money was too much for my fellow brakeman, a tough lad known as the Kid, for he kept looking them over as we moved around the yard. At length he said to me: "Grab your club and come along."

You never refuse a pal when he asks for help. I didn't know what was up, but I followed him. The gang stiffened as we drew near. The Kid closed a door or two on the mainline drag, pretending it was his. Then he walked over to the group of hobos. He was an official figure with his brakeman's badge and the club held correctly under his arm and they knew what it meant.

"Dollar a division, boys," he said, and started to lift transportation, some twenty or so fares. This was bad ethics. If the money belonged to anyone outside of the St. Paul company, it certainly should have gone to the other crew, not to us.

My face must have reflected my feelings, for the Kid said to me in a low voice, so the tramps wouldn't hear: "If that bunch of slobs (meaning the other crew) haven't got brains enough to collect, I'll take it myself."

"Okay with me," I replied. "I'll back you up, but count me out on the jack."

The mainline hogger whistled off and the bums obediently clambered into an empty the Kid pointed out. As the wheels began turning, we saw the other crew start over the train, obviously to comb it for fares. The Kid and I watched it leave, he gloating and I with regret. There was bound to be a ruckus down the line when the crew tried to make the riders shell out again. Even a 'bo has enough Americanism to protest against a double-cross.

I NEVER HEARD another word of the incident. My guess is that the passengers put up a fight at the flagrant injustice and that the crew shoved the whole car with its human cargo onto a sidetrack in the desert.

On an old established road, the other crew would have tracked us down and demanded an accounting. But on the recently-built western extension of the St. Paul, where we worked, we didn't even know them and they didn't know us, although I suppose they would have recognized us as fellow employes if we had met by chance.

Yes, I've had many thrills and chills in the railroad game. I remember getting goose pimples at the very thought of riding the top of an El train around the Loop in Chicago, although I did that sort of thing on the steam roads.

I was quite at home on the tops. The idea stops me cold now, but many is the time on a steam railroad I would leap while a train was speeding along, from a boxcar top onto the engine tender, rather than go down and bridge my way across. I suppose a lot of other men have done the same stunt, so it's nothing much to talk about.

Also, on the blackest of nights and in storms, I'd catch the caboose, even though I was braking ahead. I would chew the rag awhile, then make my way over the tops for the fun of it. One slip and they would never finish cleaning up after you.

Although I often rated the hind end, I preferred the engine. There were life and action in the clang of the fireman's shovel, the deep whistle, and the play of fire on the smoke when the fireboy opened the firedoor. Greatest of all was the feel of power in the black monster itself. The crummy wasn't too much unlike an old-fashioned home: its coffeepot singing on the stove, dishes on the tables, the beds usually opened and unmade, and furnishings such as a broom, a coal scuttle, and a shaded lamp.

THERE WAS little to stump me those days—except a trestle somewhere between Malden and Avery. I've forgotten its location, but I remember that while coming east you had to stop the caboose in the middle of it, while the engine rounded a curving shelf on the mountain side to pick up some cars.

Whenever this happened—and it seemed to occur each trip I made—the rear brakeman would have to go down the trestle to protect the train, as we were out on the main then. That wasn't bad when you had a standard caboose; you could swing around the steps or even let yourself over the middle end.

There was no catwalk along the trestle at that time. You were out over nothing; but it was only for a second, so I didn't mind it too much—until the day I caught an old-time boxcar caboose which had no end door but a door cut in the middle and a ladder up the side.

Whenever this happened, I had to go out the side door and climb with nothing but air under me and lots of it. If going up was bad, coming down that side ladder was worse.

I could confidently swing down the side of a boxcar anywhere, as long as ground lay under me. It was another thing altogther to walk to the edge of a car-roof and see trees looking like tiny toy ones right below and nothing to hold onto but a grab-iron at my feet on top of the car. That was like climbing a church steeple.

No story of side-door cabooses would be complete without a tale of stealing one, for where you often had the new and old together, as we did, there was always a temptation to pilfer the modern variety and leave your own Civil War relic in its place.

I was on a new crummy, with a Chicago switchman on the hind end and a conductor whose name I've forgotten. This skipper took sick, a hospital case, and a newly-promoted lad replaced him. An old head, who still had one of the antique crummies, didn't like the idea of the new man falling heir to a modern caboose, so one night when we were uptown he moved our things out and his in.

Actually, he rated the new caboose and could have had it for the asking; but he chose subterfuge instead, which gives you an idea of the man's mentality. Also, he and his crew didn't use much care in moving our our stuff—not that he could have hurt my junk, but some of the sick man's property was damaged.

The Chicago switchman was fit to be tied. However, the new conductor persuaded him to let it ride.

LATER, our old skipper came back and asked the interloper to return his way-car. This the louse refused to do, taking advantage of the convalescent's general debility.

"Tell your troubles to the trainmaster," was all he would say when cornered.

The old captain was inclined to pass it up, but not our cross-grained boomer, of which there was nothing tougher at that time on the face of the earth. Whether it was because he wanted a regulation caboose to ride in or because the spirit of injustice flamed high in him I couldn't say, but that Chicago boomer made a few pointed remarks about his intentions.

The ORC veteran caught the drift. "If you do that, boys," he cautioned, "don't take any of his personal property."

We didn't. One fine day the following week we found his caboose reposing on the track beside ours. We were first out, and nobody was at home in the other way-car.

"It's now or never, Max," the Chicago guy exulted. "Shall we ditch the fellow's stuff?"

"Okay with me."

I was working on the St. Paul road largely to kill time, and the possibility of getting fired didn't bother me at all. Even less was I concerned with the feelings of the pilfering conductor.

We made the transfer, removing the louse's property, but not with care. Somehow his reading lamp, an ornate affair with a green shade, got splintered into a dozen pieces. Purely by accident, of course. His mirror also was shattered and even his favorite armchair, a sturdy piece of furniture, managed to fall apart in the moving job. The Chicagoan had a hell of a time with that chair; he looked like a section hand driving spikes.

Well, we shoveled all this junk into the old boxcar caboose we were vacating, but not before my pal had used the hostile conductor's blankets to sweep out our new car. That floater sure was cross-grained; he would have delighted a psychologist.

Two weeks passed and nothing happened. Then came a showdown. The evicted skipper caught up with us in a saloon. He swaggered over to where we were standing at the bar, his rear brakeman at his heels. I could see, however, that the shack didn't relish any such mission.

My Chicago friend and I set down our drinks on the bar to have a clear field for any emergency. We were set for fireworks, but the show was disappointing.

The ORC turned to the Chicagoan. "You the fellows who cleaned us out?" he demanded.

My friend merely looked down his nose at the irate conductor. "Sure, but there's one thing I missed."

"What was that?"

"You," growled the boomer. "If you had been there I'd have moved you out with the other junk."

At this the brains came down off his high horse. All he said was, "You'll hear from Trainmaster Murphy," and he walked away.

In the rapid kaleidoscope of the St. Paul road of those days, both crews quickly faded from my life. I caught another car and never saw any of them again—that's how fast things moved.

MANY PICTURES come to the surface, long forgotten yet revived by this tale. For instance, the startled feeling when you stand on a car roof facing the rear of the train with your back to a low tunnel, and suddenly you are hit by swinging cat-tails, when a light goes out far above the train, although there is no curve to account for it.

I will not soon forget sunrise in the wasteland. Nothing can beat it for sheer beauty. Even in summer, night air of the tumbleweed country is cool and invigorating. If you're riding the crummy you see the dark sky gradually break in a rift of light before it turns pink. You sniff the wholesome scent of wood crackling in the stove. Then the three of you pitch into bacon and eggs, washing down your breakfast with coffee, while Old Sol slowly floods the scene with warm light.

One experience I will always remember. My braking partner at that time was a big roughneck boomer known as Spokane. He and I laid off work for a few hours and visited Othello, a desert settlement, to paint the town red. Like bees heading for sweet clover, we piled into Othello's only gin-mill. This was a weather-beaten shack at the end of a sandy street, beyond which the road ended in a wilderness of mesquite.

There we made a night of it. Women, liquor, music, and dancing. Spokane and I picked up a couple of beanery queens who presided at the local railroad eating-house.

I will skip the glorious details, except to say that the inevitable callboy found us about three a.m. But Spokane and I were slightly pickled. We hiked over to the "garden" to get our engine, while I went for the switch list.

A faint glow broke through the sky. You could smell the approach of sunup. Miasma exhaled from the hollow slope to the south where the sawtooth mountains rose in grandeur. Some of night's coolness was still drifting through the yard. Red and green switch lights blinked, their brilliance gradually fading to gray in the coming dawn.

Far down the line I could see our engine's headlights and near it a tiny glimmer. That would be Spokane. The air was hushed as if awaiting the heat of the day. Far

to the east I caught sight of what appeared to be a toy train coming up out of the desert sink.

Spokane's lamp rose again; the desert air passed it on with clarity. The engine rumbled down the track toward me. As she drew nearer she resembled a live black insect with one gleaming eye in her forehead. Up in that cab would be "Little" Miller, as unromantic a hogger as ever breathed. On the footboard rode Spokane, my companion of the night's escapade.

As I swung aboard the engine, I had a strange impression that nowhere else in the world was there a desert sunrise exactly like this one. I had not yet shaken off the giddy whirl of hours spent in that saloon. Somehow the pearl sky seemed to unify the five men in our crew who were hovering over a desert yard so tangled that it took big-city switching to get our train out.

I think I was clairvoyant that morning. Or maybe the drinks I had taken during the night had messed up my brain. Yes, we'll let it go at that. But even today the dawn I refer to stands apart from all the rest.

THE ST. PAUL ROAD had plenty of rugged scenery, and still has; but early in the century, being largely a newly-blazed path through the wilderness, the western end suffered from a dearth of population.

The situation was unlike that on pikes in other sections, where you were seldom out of sight of human habitation. You could run on the St. Paul for long stretches without seeing a man, woman, or child outside of the crew. Those you did see, you remembered.

For instance, I used to pass a tall clapboard house that stood in woods near the track, in the Coeur d'Alene country. There was no clearing around it nor any sign of farming or lumbering. In fact, I saw no indication of life at all in that house—until one balmy spring day when I rode the car tops, basking in a warm breeze. We went around a slight curve through a desolate section of cutover land, with second growth springing up, and the mysterious dwelling swung into view.

Silent it lay in the afternoon sun and I speculated on its occupants. Then, as we swept past I was somewhat startled to see, high in the second-story attic, a girl's face peering out of a dusty glass window.

As soon as I collected my wits I waved at her—the boomer's standard salutation to any and all females in the West—but she gave no sign of recognition. In the fleeting glimpse I had of that face as our freight jogged by, it seemed to be beautiful yet pale and unhappy. Pondering on the mystery of why the young lady was there cast a pall over the rest of the day.

Only a few trips after that did I pass the one house; and although I peered long and hard, I never again saw the frail stranger nor any other human being in or around it.

At night however, I observed a dim kerosene lamp burning in a window on the ground floor—that was all. To this day I am tantalized by the thought of that mysterious pretty face out there in the wilderness.

IN THE SAME stretch of country I was attracted to a certain apple orchard, for there lived an old farmer with several girls whom I considered as lovely as the pink and white blossoms on his trees.

I remember the spot well. From a railroad operating viewpoint, it was one of the nastiest places on which a heavy train could get caught: the combination of a curved track, a stream crossed by a bridge, and a tunnel so near the span that it almost seemed to be part of it. This tunnel opened up under the ridge. It also was curved!

A swell place to get caught short flagging—which was what happened to me on conductor Garrity's caboose one below-zero night when the world outside was crisp with glazed snow. The old skipper had brewed some coffee. We sat down to grub at a table under the dim coal-oil light, keeping a wary eye behind us, where we had observed an extra appearing and disappearing all night. We were all right as long as we kept moving, but this other train was crowding up on our rear.

We had just about hit the vicinity of this tunnel, when out of nowhere we heard our engine whistle two short blasts, which meant, "I see you; I understand you." Seemingly, this whistle had a far-off note. Then it dawned on us: the engine had already gone through the tunnel and the sound was coming back over the ridge!

We must have been flagged by a train ahead. But it was a bad place to get stuck. By the time we stopped, our caboose would be in the tunnel, on a curve. This raised the possibility that the train behind might plow into us. Only a week or so before a caboose had been smashed to kindling wood on that very spot.

My brain was working fast, but conductor Garrity's was even faster. "I'll toss him a fusee," he said. "Maybe you can get off before we hit the bridge."

That same thought had been in my mind. To stop this fellow behind us, I had to drop off the caboose before we reached the bridge. I couldn't stand on the bridge itself, because it had no catwalk; and as the span ended near the tunnel's mouth, I'd have no room to swing off.

Given a good clear terrain, a capable brakeman can unload at 20 or even 25 miles per hour and still hold his feet. However, in a tunnel with jagged walls you'd have to wait until the train almost stopped; and in our case, hidden in the tunnel as we were, the following engine might be right on top of you.

While this has taken time to relate, actually only a few seconds elapsed in Garrity's mind and mine from the moment we heard our engineer acknowledge a flag. I was out of the caboose door with my red lamp before Garrity finished talking.

Even as hasty as I was, I took time to pause on the step so I could swing my inner leg out to hit the ground first and thus reserve my right foot, now on the caboose step, for a wide swinging arc.

I could see the bridge right in front of me. There was no time to lose, so I swung out at an angle of 45 degrees. My feet went out from under me and I slid down the bank into the river. Luckily, it was

frozen over. As the banks were slippery with ice and snow, I tried to claw my way up. I heard the engine whistle an acklowledgment to the red flare that Garrity had tossed out; then the big hog came sliding past.

Maybe it has been done before, but this was the first time I had flagged a fellow from the river below. He answered my lamp and I could see that he had already slugged his train. All I could do was stand down there on the river bank and wait for him either to stop or crash. When the train ground to a stop, I realized our caboose had gotten far enough through to escape. And that was how I remembered the place.

ON THE OTHER SIDE of this tunnel was the old man's fruit farm. As you came out of the dark bore, the ridge turned in a crescent formation; and against its slopes lay the house and grounds, so much like a homestead it must have made many a rail nostalgic.

But the beauty of the gals there was greater than the place itself. One objection to being in a train crew was that you couldn't stop off anywhere you wanted and chew the rag. For that reason I never was able to make the acquaintance of any of those alluring females—except once, and that occasion wasn't very condusive to romance.

We were coming west out of Avery, Idaho. I had been bothered by several drunken bums in a gondola several cars behind the engine. I hadn't disturbed them for fare, being content on that fine afternoon to live and let live.

But one of the tramps in the car wouldn't have it that way. He kept climbing out of it, in the irresponsible manner that a completely oiled gent has, and draping himself over the sides. Every time I looked backward out of the cab, there was old John Barleycorn himself, in the process of either falling overboard or being pulled back by his equally insecure companions.

I had just reached the point of going back over the tops with my brake club and administering the *coup de grace* to quiet him, when we were flagged, and of all places, by the orchard. Here was my chance to unload the nuisance—but what a cruel guy I'd be in front of them gals!

The bums, however, settled the ethics of it for me. Discovering their feminine audience, they put on a show, raising such a clamor that it was heard by the engine men and, what was worse, the conductor back in the crummy. They must have thought I had paying passengers and wasn't cutting them in on the deal.

That one souse had spoiled my day, keeping in my mind the worry that any minute I might have to clean sausage meat up from under a dozen cars, and now the bunch was queering me in front of my pals. So I went back to them.

"Hey, you!" I called out. "We'll be here quite a while. You can stretch your legs."

THE PASSENGERS clambered down. They cavorted around in the grass under the shade of a tree at the right-of-way fence. The gals in the trees picking apples laughed at them. Up the slope, the old farmer went off to the house and came back with a shotgun. Things were going to be interesting for those bums in a few minutes.

Meanwhile, the conductor had come up to find out why we were stopping. "I see you're unloading them," he remarked.

"Yes," I told him, "we were stopped by an extra ahead and this looked like a good chance."

"That's the boy!" he said approvingly. "I'll be back this way when we start moving, in case you have any trouble."

But he didn't even get up to the engine before our blockade ahead started to roll, so our hogger called in the flag. The conductor returned to me and stood alongside while the train began to move. The bums scrambled to their unsteady feet, but the connie planted himself in front of them.

"Don't climb on, lad!" he warned one of them. "If you try it, you'll get a punch in the snout."

But the drunk was pugnacious. "Who'll stop me?" he asked thickly.

Now was the time. I put my hand in the fellow's collar from behind and twisted. Then as he sagged, I laid him on the grass, still holding his coat collar until the train got going too fast for them. The skipper hopped a boxcar. Then I dropped the bum and caught the next car.

The girls had drifted down to the fence to watch; and as I swung on, one of them called out with a note of sarcasm: "Thanks for the company, pal!"

I knew they didn't like the way I had treated those pie-eyed tramps. Thus another possible romance died a-borning.

SHORTLY afterward I worked out of the Othello to Cle-Elum end of the line. There the desert stretch fascinated me. I remember a little tar-paper shack that stood alone in that merciless sand, a few straggling clothes on the line. Each time we went past, a middle-aged woman came out to stare at the train, evidently her only contact with civilization. You could see homesickness in her face.

And who could forget the consumptive telegrapher on the desert? I had not known he existed until one day we were stopped by the red board. It might have been Smyrna, Washington, but I'm not sure. Heat got me that day. The engine was an inferno; riding the tops was even worse. The sun withered you, and for the first time in my life I actually got sick from it. Catching an empty boxcar, I sat in the open door on the shady side. It was about the coolest spot on the train, but was no place for a trainman—about the worst one in the world if you have to unload while the train is going.

The board was crimson against us that blazing day. The hogger drove by a short distance. Then he clambered down in the shade of the engine to cool off, wiped off sweat, and waited while the conductor trudged over the sand to discover what the dispatcher was holding us for.

I also wanted to learn why we were being stabbed, so I wandered over to the station. Arriving there ahead of the captain, I burst into the inner sanctum.

The brass pounder turned his head. I saw a face both aristocratic and bitter. The features were

gaunt, seared by weather and wasting disease. His black eyes seemed to be arrogant. They gave me a creepy feeling, as if they were staring not *at* me but *through* me.

I casually leaned against the letter press and waited. Pretty soon the skipper came through the door, picked up the 31 order, and read it. The operator hawked and spat. I heard a noise and the door to his living quarters opened. As I glanced around, my eyes popped wide open.

WHAT I SAW reminded me of the entrance of Sadie Thompson in the stage play of *Rain*. A blonde, with blue eyes and golden hair, glided unexpectedly into the room, transforming it as she came in. The suspense was electric. I forget the tiny frame shack in the blistering desert, miles from any other human habitation, and the business of railroading, and I gazed at the young woman.

She was beautiful, very much so, and was smartly dressed in white and blue. You could see grace and dignity in every movement of her lithe figure—the kind of woman you dream about. I commented on the weather. She answered and engaged in a casual conversation with me. I tried to adjust my mind to the incongruity of meeting such a dame in the wilderness. I wanted to ask her why was she there, but of course I didn't.

The only person not impressed was the hawk-faced lightning slinger. He broke into a heated argument with the conductor about the train order and hardly noticed the radiant female except to snarl: "For Christ's sake, you here again?"

As I left, the conductor silently handed me the engineer's copy of the order which held us. When we got out of earshot of the depot I said: "That's a new one on me."

"Tragic, isn't it?" said the ORC. "He's a lunger and has a vile disposition—you heard him—and that's his wife. I pity her. If I were in her shoes I'd leave him pronto."

I took the flimsy up to the smoky end of the train.

"Are we going to hold the main for them?" I asked.

"Might as well," said the runner.

So I threw the switch to the passing track and then locked it in. I was sick and nauseated. The heat tore at me, fuzzing up my mind, and I could understand how some people saw mirages in the desert. I walked back to the engine to get the benefit of the shade, little as it was.

My thoughts were still on the lady. Obviously her husband had not long to live. She must have loved him very much to put up with what she did. I have often wondered what happened to her after he died.

THIS STORY would not be complete without the tale of the sliding mountain, when I had my first venison for breakfast.

It was a rainy night in the Coeur D'Alene country. We were on a sidetrack, waiting for the passenger to come along. The weather was miserable, snow mixed with rain and a wind that cut through you; but it wasn't bad in the caboose, where we drowsed while waiting for the other train to show up.

Our con began to get worried. "Give me a hand with the linepole," he said to me, "I want to ring up the dispatcher. We'll be here all night."

So I took down the linepole. This consisted of several six-foot lengths of hickory, which, when joined together, made a pole long enough to reach the telegraph wires.

At the end of this pole were two prongs. You looped the prongs over the two copper wires, the dispatcher's wire, and these were connected to a cord you plugged into the wall set in your caboose. With this outfit a conductor, no matter where he was stranded, could get in touch with the dispatcher.

Our con rang the generator handle. The voice of DS came back clearly:

"Been wanting to get a hold of you for some time. The hill at X has slid, carrying the tracks with it. The passenger train is marooned there at the slide. Run down with a couple of boxcars and your caboose and take the passengers off, will you?"

If we had thought of it in time, we would have made a drop at the sidetrack and put the cars and caboose ahead of the engine. Then, coming back, we would have had the headlight of the hog to show the way. But rails can't always think clearly.

We reached the slide, which in the ghostly light of oil flares was a gooey sight. Rain had weakened the bank of the hill, almost a mountain, a complete segment of which had loosened near the top. The whole thing had slid along, like an avalanche, carrying the tracks with it.

The mud was about a foot and a half deep where the tracks had been, and a gang of laborers were working feverishly to get down to bedrock in this soup. Beyond the slide we could see the passenger train, its headlight shining across the sea of mud. Somebody in charge was running around trying to get the passengers across. We let the men fend for themselves, and carried the women and children over the mire.

IT WAS one big mess. I had never before wallowed through so much ooze, and I never desire to do it again. Several times I slipped and sat down; so did the other lads. The conductor, as might have been expected, was careful to pick only the sweet young things to carry, leaving the head brakeman and me to tote the hefty dames between us. As I told you, we had served time on way-freight, and human bacon was no heavier than pig bacon.

Finally, when we got all the passengers over to dry ground, we were bedraggled and weary. We loaded women and children into the caboose, where a warm fire glowed, while the men, less fortunate, were obliged to ride in boxcars.

Then we paid for the way we had lined up our rolling stock. Backing through that country at night was no soft snap. Our headlight was blocked by the freight cars, and in those gloomy hills you could not tell what minute you'd ram into another slide.

Wet up to the waist, I was out on the top of the leading car. Rain continued to fall in sheets, the only consolation being that it washed off some of the mud. My

braking partner rode atop the crummy, waiting to pass my signals on to the hogger.

Our conductor—bless his soul!—stuck to the cozy way-car, chewing the fat with admiring gals and posing as a hero. In reality, the head shack and I were the guys who rated Carnegie medals for having lugged those female heavy-weights across the muck.

Fortunately, not all the adult passengers I carried that night were tubs of lard. I recall one notable exception. She was slim and good-looking; the gallant ORC must have missed her in the darkness. I can never forget that soft, luscious girl clinging to me, her rain-streaked face close to mine, as I stepped gingerly from one mud hole into another.

Wonder where she is today? Maybe, just maybe, she will read this story and will remember the incident of long ago.

IT WAS STILL raining when we pulled into town and unloaded the marooned passengers. A company official took charge of the refugees and found accommodations for them until the line could be reopened.

Meanwhile, the roadmaster, ruddy and porcine-looking, who had ridden into town, told us to wait for him before going back to the slide. Then he vanished, without saying where he was headed. Presently he returned, followed by a couple of cooks and waiters carrying a washbasket heaped with sandwiches and a big, new, garbage can full of steaming hot coffee.

They loaded this grub into the caboose to take down to the lads heaving muck at the slide. Then the roadmaster made the mistake of his life: he offered us each a sandwich and a cup of Java.

We must have had a new crew that night, for we had not eaten since we left Malden and there was no food in the crummy for us to cook. As we had been on the road without nourishment for fourteen hours, we were damn near famished. The roadmaster should have told us he was going to a hash-house. We would have gone too and wrapped ourselves around steaks and french fires and just about everything else on the menu.

All would have been well, however, if he had not made his rash offer. We were Spartans enough to have gone hours longer without food if necessary. But temptation came, so we each grabbed a sandwich and a mug of coffee—very politely, I assure you, as though we were having a social tea with the roadmaster.

The lion had tasted blood. That sandwich hadn't even filled the vacancy in our little fingers. So we went back for a second helping. We were still diffident, for at that stage of the game we wished to retain the official's respect, but we sure needed nourishment.

Then the conductor edged up for a third sandwich. I did likewise. The roadmaster gave a sickly grin as if to say: "Now, I didn't think you'd go that far."

At our fourth sandwich, his grin turned into a sneer; but by that time we were past redemption. No starving wretches flouted their animalism more openly than we did on that trip. The roadmaster began giving vent to nasty remarks. We no longer made a pretense of walking over, taking sandwiches, and walking back again. No, we stood in the foxholes and slugged them down.

Then came the final stage of degredation. Someone (not I) went to the caboose door, attracted the engineer's attention and, in the sign language familiar to all boomers, told him there was nourishment to be had.

I believe our crew of five men consumed more of the roadmaster's food than we left for the hundred or so men who were working hard at the landslide. When we arrived at the slide, the brass hat left us. With drooping shoulders and dejected mein, he unloaded the depleted lunch basket and the near-empty coffee can and went over to face his hungry laborers. What happened there, I never did learn, but I could make a pretty good guess.

EXHAUSTED as I was after long hours of duty, my day was only just beginning. My mind was centered on repose in a downy bunk, but the dispatcher had other plans. He told the passenger crew to take our freight engine and caboose and go back to get the refugees.

We were to take the passenger engine and work the landslide area, running a couple of flatcars which the crew had grabbed from a siding, up and down all night. The laborers were to load them at the slide, then we would shoot them down to a fill for unloading. And who do you think they meant to do this work? The fireboy was to run and fire the engine, while I was to do the switching.

During all this time, where were the hogger, the conductor, and the other brakemen? The hogger, the conductor and the other brakeman were in the passenger train, enjoying the sleep of the just while I wearily slogged up and down the line.

At last, morning came. The rest of the crew awoke from their beauty sleep, leisurely ate breakfast in the section house that stood near the slide, and ambled over to relieve us.

By that time the fireboy and I were as hungry as a couple of wildcats. The mountain of sandwiches we had consumed the night before had mysteriously vanished. There was nothing to do but hike over to the section house.

As we entered the clean, sparkling kitchen and sat down at a table, the section boss's wife seemed like an angel.

"What will you have?" she greeted with a smile. "I've got bacon and eggs, wheatcakes, fried potatoes, and venison steaks. My husband killed a deer the other day in our yard."

As any other boomer would have answered, we said: "All of them, and go heavy on the steak."

The St. Paul company would pay the bill, so we shoveled the food in until we were gorged. Yes, we had venison for breakfast, a side dish at that. Afterward, the fireboy and I dragged our misshapen bodies down to the passenger train and fell asleep while tumbling into bed.

When we woke in the late afternoon, the slide had been cleaned out, so we took the train back to the division. All this time the merry money mill of the St. Paul was running on and on for me. I sure drew down some terrific pays there. Tell you more about it next month. ●

Mike Eagleson, 37 Edgemere Ave., Mt. Arlington, N.J. 07856

Steam in Turkey today: a one-shot preview of Mike Eagleson's illustrated feature on this subject coming next month. A German 2-10-0 and a Baldwin 2-8-2 assault a steep grade out of Soma with a troop train for Bandirma. Note the star-and-crescent motif on the Turkish locomotive's smokebox.

PASSENGER TRAIN SURVEY

Pike's Peak & Manitou Swiss-built railbus No. 15 ascends a 25% grade above timberline on way to the ceiling-unlimited 14,110-ft. summit.

Marc S. Balkin, 30 Jolen Dr., Hillsdale, N.J. 07642

SINCE FEBRUARY 15th, Amtrak has been running its newest train, the French-derived Rohr turboliner, on its New York-Albany-Montreal route. The sleek, white, turbine-powered trains replace conventional locos and cars on departures from both New York's Grand Central Terminal and Montreal's Windsor Station.

The transition to new equipment is part of a cooperative effort by Amtrak and the New York State Department of Transportation to upgrade the Adirondack run. Amtrak offers a special week-end excursion fare of $27 between New York and Montreal on the Adirondack. Regular round-trip coach fare is $57.

With the conversion to turbo service, the Adirondack is now on a new schedule. Departure from GCT each morning is 10:20 a.m., half an hour later than the previous time, with arrival in Montreal at 7:35 p.m., five minutes later than before. Daily departure from Montreal's Windsor Station are earlier, 8:15 a.m. instead of 10:30 a.m., and arrival in New York is 5:20 p.m. instead of 8 p.m. Track improvements have helped to shorten the schedule.

New York State, which partly underwrites the cost of operating the train, wants Amtrak's newest locomotive-hauled Amfleet passenger cars used on the route eventually. The conversion to Amfleet is due to take place later this year.

Rohr turbine trains were introduced last fall in New York State between New York-Buffalo and way cities. Amtrak has seven of the trains, which were built in California by the Rohr Corporation of San Diego under a license from the original French developer, ANF Industries.

Each train has five cars. Half of each end car is occupied by an engineer's cab and the main gas turbine-power unit, as well as a small auxiliary turbine to give power for such things as lights, air-conditioning, heat, and the food-service unit.

Turbine trains represent some of the latest in world passenger-train technology adapted to North American usage. Although derived from their French predecessors now used in Europe and the U.S. Midwest (Amtrak now operates six French-built versions on routes radiating out of Chicago), the Rohr turbos are much modified from the original. Rohr's aerospace experience is evident in the aerodynamically-pointed nose which replaces blunt ends of the earlier version.

Rohr trains are six inches wider, allowing for a roomier interior. The new trains have wide, reclining, deeply-upholstered seats, each with a drop-down tray table. Retained from the French model are large windows which give a bright, open feeling.

Solid overhead luggage racks contain individual reading lights. The entire car interior is carpeted—even the walls and ceilings—which suggests luxury, with a very low noise level within the passenger compartments. Sliding doors at the car vestibules open automatically as a passenger approaches. There is a public address system. Trains have electric heating and air-conditioning.

Each train features a newly-developed food-service unit capable of serving both sandwiches and hot meals.

"The turbine trains are proven passenger pleasers," says Amtrak President Paul Reistrup, citing ridership gains of 70 percent after the French turbos were introduced between Chicago and Detroit.

While the new turbos cannot run at their designed speed of 125 miles an hour in the foreseeable future, due to track conditions on the Adirondack route, passengers get a much smoother ride because of the train's advanced suspension system. Each train normally has five cars—two combination power-coach cars, one food service-coach car, and two full coaches. In normal consist, each train has a total capacity of 265 passengers, with 27 seats in the first-class club car section and 238 in coach.

An unexpected test for the new turbines was provided in last winter's record cold weather and snow in New York State. The turbine trains were exceptionally reliable under extreme conditions and often were used to substitute for conventional rail equipment.

AMTRAK'S Southwest Limited and Lone Star returned to individual schedules on February 15th. The trains have been combined between Chicago and Kansas City since last October, but are now separate for their entire routes. The Southwest Limited leaves Chicago nightly at 6:30 and arrives in Los Angeles at 9:05 a.m., one day and two nights later. Eastbound, it leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 p.m. and arrive in Chicago at 2:05 p.m., two nights and one day later.

The Lone Star departs from Chicago daily at 4:30 p.m. and pulls into Fort Worth the following day at 12:50 p.m., Dallas at 2:35 p.m., and Houston at 7:25 p.m. Northbound, it leaves Houston daily at 7:30 a.m., Dallas at 12:05 p.m., Fort Worth at 1:50 p.m., and reaches Chicago at 10:25 the following morning.

A CUSTOMER asks an Amtrak reservations clerk for a reserved seat on a popular train at a very busy time. The clerk turns to his ARTS (Amtrak Reservations and Ticketing Service) console and discovers that train's coach seats are all sold. What happens next?

Using a new computer capability just developed by Amtrak, the reservationist can now tell the inquirer what other space—perhaps a roomette in a sleeping car—is available on that same train and also tell him when the next train going his way will have a reserved coach seat available.

PUBLIC NOTICES announced the discontinuance of rail commuter passenger service between Valparaiso, Indiana, and Chicago as of Sunday,

April 10th. The Regional Rail Reorganization Act of 1973, as amended, required a subsidy commitment by January 26, 1977, to continue passenger service. Neither the Northwestern Indiana Public Transportation Authority or any other agency responsible for transit planning and funding in the area offered a subsidy.

Section 304 of the Act provides for discontinuance of passenger service on lines for which no subsidy commitment is made. Conrail had been operating the 44-mile , five-day-a-week service since April 1, 1976. The trains carried an average of 550 passengers daily (one way). The estimated deficit from the operation for the next year (March 26, 1977 - March 31, 1978) is $850,000. NIPTA would be eligible for 90 percent Federal reimbursement of the amount of the deficit for that period.

INTERMODAL service, combining rail and bus transportation in the Southeast for the first time, has been inaugurated by Amtrak and Greyhound Lines. This service is linked at two major points, Jacksonville and New Orleans. Travelers can buy one through ticket to or from designated cities throughout the Southeast, be transferred to either transportation mode at Jacksonville or New Orleans, depending on route of travel, and have the convenience of baggage transfers routed through to destination.

At New Orleans, passengers can transfer to or from Amtrak's Chicago-New Orleans Panama Limited or the New Orleans-Los Angeles Sunset Limited. At Jacksonville, connections can be made with New York-Miami, or Chicago-Miami trains. Cities served by Greyhound between the rail connections include Gulfport, Miss.; Mobile, Ala.; and Pensacole, Marianna, Tallahassee and Lake City, Fla.

CONCERN over a puzzling series of railroad derailments has caused a reduction of some train speeds and longer travel times for many passengers. A coast-to-coast trip over certain Amtrak routes now takes four or five hours more than it did two months ago. Many trips between the Midwest and the east and west coasts are averaging two or three hours longer.

Amtrak spokesman Brian Duff said the slow-downs affect 36 of Amtrak's 250 daily trains and added: "These are the trains that clock off the long miles, so they represent a large percentage of our revenue passenger miles per day."

Many Amtrak locomotives now are slowing to 40 miles an hour on curves of two degrees or more inclination. They are the General Motors SDP40F model, involved in 14 derailments in the last three years because of a mysterious interaction between the engine and the rails.

BEFORE World War II, many trains were designed for and operated at speeds up to 120 miles per hour. Thus, the big thing about the Japanese train is its accelerating ability and not its top speed. By applying automotive propane or diesel engines to cars of relatively conventional design, superspeed operations can be had on existing track. This is a much cheaper and better approach than the Railpax locomotive approach. Since all the major components are available off-the-shelf, a prototype speed train could be built out of existing cars at nominal cost.

If the Railpax people do not quickly consider the self-propelled car concept, both for economy and speed, then the public will be justified in considering Railpax as just another raid on the Federal treasury—or, at best, a boondoggle of dubious value.—Raymond J. Harvey, general engineer, 2129 Sycamore St., Terre Haute, Ind. 47807.

For Canadian Readers

THE COMPETITION for new fast passenger trains to serve Canadians has turned into a four-cornered fight with a bid by Canadian Vickers Ltd. of Montreal to build a 120-a-mile-an-hour gas turbine locomotive. Vickers has submitted a proposal to the federal Transport Department to build a modified version of a Turbo train produced by ANF-Industries of France, six of which are currently being tested by Amtrak in the United States.

J. Eric Harrington, chairman and president of Vickers, says 70 such trains of proved reliability are in service around the world. The Vickers design will compete with the CN Turbo, built by Pratt & Whitney Aircraft of Canada Ltd., a bid from Budd Co. of Philadelphia and the so-called LRC train (light, rapid, comfortable) produced by Bombardier-MLW Ltd.

Amtrak has leased two LRC trains in a two-year test on the Vancouver-Portland, Ore., run. The Pratt & Whitney Turbo is currently in use on Canadian National's Toronto-Montreal run.

The Canadian Transport Department's tender specifications call for a train capable of carrying 400 passengers at maximum speeds on existing roadbeds and at much higher speeds over improved roadbeds.

AN ELECTRIC train capable of speeds up to 300 miles an hour can be built in Canada by 1990, according to a professor who headed a $1 million research project at the University of Toronto. Gordon Slemon, professor of electrical engineering, said such a train could transport passengers between Montreal and Toronto in 75 minutes. It would float magnetically six inches above a concrete roadbed.

MEET ME AT THE STATION, by Elizabeth A. Willmot, is a handsome hard-cover book of 120 pages of supercoated stock, 9x10", that brings to life in text matter and many exquisite photographs of the elegance and graciousness of railway stations throughout the Canadian province of Ontario. (Price in U.S. $16.95.)

"This book," Elizabeth writes, "has been written for people who traveled during the days of steam engines and who remember the joy of anticipation when they called out, 'Meet me at the station!' Because of deep affection for the railway, I experience great sadness when I see the changes in railroading in my lifetime. I feel as though an old friend has gone whenever a favorite railway station is demolished.

"Through writing and photography I have strived to arouse an awareness of the importance of the preservation of historically important railway stations. How rewarding it is when I hear that another lovely old station has been restored and given an opportunity to retain its dignity in the community while serving in a new role."

Meet Me at the Station, priced at $14.95 by Gage Publishing Co., 164 Commander Blvd., Agincourt, Ont., Canada M1S 3C7, is available from Railroad Magazine Book Service. Far exceeding a Canadian appeal, it offers beauty and a message for admirers of railway stations everywhere.

Waiting on the Train

The gray of the sky
hung softly over the
wing of the station.
Broken bubble-imprisoned glass
reflected memories of laughs and cries.
Talks of business and commerce
and roses pressed close.

Still and quiet the inside
stood, holding the staircase,
sweating under cracked seasonal
coats of white enamel.

The unused schedules, telling
unusable time,
hung opposite the once-crimson
mohair drapes, collecting dust as
a hobby, while stillness permeated
observer and building.

Outside, sun glancing over from a
pane of smoked glass, across
the street, the station and lone
admirer stood, waiting on the train.

—Neal L. Justice

Raymond E. Ruffell.

Ray tends Tony McMullens' Royal Scot on 7¼"-gage Longwater Railway in 1976.

Interesting Railfan Number 173

RAYMOND E. RUFFELL

JUST AS the daily express from Birkenhead with whistle screaming thundered through Little Sandhurst in Surrey, England, en route to Dover on April 10, 1935, the lusty cry of a baby in a mid-Victorian brick house a quarter-mile from the tracks announced the birth of Raymond Edwin Ruffell.

His father was Edwin (Ted) Ruffell, a railway signalman, destined to be killed in an accident five years later while cycling home from work on an icy highway in the wartime blackout. After Ted died, his widow, who was a school teacher, took over the job of raising their two sons, Ray and Bryan, and did it very well. Both boys grew up to become railwaymen. For years Bryan worked on British Rail's Western Region in the signal and telegraph department on maintenance of signalbox signals electrical equipment. Ray we'll come to later. Another railwayman in the family was an uncle, the chief traveling ticket inspector working out of St. Pancras Terminal in London.

Ray has always lived in Little Sandhurst within earshot of what used to be the South Eastern & Chatham Railway route from Reading to Guilford and to Redhill—within sight and sound of steam until diesels took over in 1965. Just three-quarters of a mile away from his home is Crowthorne Station, where as a boy he'd go to watch the local "peddler" switch freight cars. Before he was ten Ray had made friends with the station staff at Crowthorne and was allowed to enter the booking office and signalbox.

"I spent many happy hours in the signal box," he says, "sitting in the corner by the window, listening to the bell codes, and waving to the passing engine drivers. Gradually I got to know some of them quite well and would ride up and down the yards with them."

One of those engineers, Bill Lund of Reading, now retired after fifty years on the rails, tells us: "Back in the 1950s I was on shunting duty at Bracknell when two schoolboys came down to the railway yards during their lunch break and asked me if they could ride the engine. Little did I realize then that one of them, Ray Ruffell, would eventually become my fireman for four years."

RAY RECALLS that in his adolescence he took to reading all the books on railways he could find, but in those days for him they were few and far between. His earliest memory is being taken by his mother to Farnborough to see his father in the signalbox. What really got him interested in railways, though, was the sight and sounds of the many types of old steam locos pounding upgrade from Sandhurst to Crowthorne.

"Traffic was very heavy in those war years," he reminisces. "There were trains of army tanks, ambulance trains with red crosses painted conspicuously on the cars, strings of locomotives, big guns shipped by rail, long troop train, and heavy freights with all sorts of cars. They seemed to pass every few minutes day and night. I have been taking railway photos since 1953, the year I bought a Brownie box camera in Malaya while on active military service. If I remember right, the first one I ever took showed a steam-hauled freight of the Malaya Railway at Gemas station."

John A. Baldwin, a British Rail

(Left) No. 173's attractive wife, Joan, in the Manx Electric Ry. waiting room at Laxey, Isle of Man, in Oct. '67. (Top) Looking out of cab window of engine *Dolbadarn,* ex-quarry loco, on 2-ft.-gage Llanderis Lake Railway in July, 1976.

Photographs by R.E. Ruffell

employee living at Maidstone in Kent, became acquainted with Ray by correspondence while our hero was in Malaya. "Despite the jungle war Ray was engaged in, he spent a period of leave in traveling from end to end of the Malayan rail system and back on the *Golden Blowpipe Express,*" John tells us. "This must have been expensive. He rode first class only long enough each day to use the showers and other facilities which passengers in other classes don't have."

Also in quest of steam railway thrills and photos, of which he has taken thousands, our *Interesting Railfan* has visited the United States, France, Spain, Germany, Holland, Italy, Ceylon, Ireland, the Isle of Man, and nearly every mile of railway in England, Scotland, and Wales. To date, he has traveled at least 1,123,535 miles by rail, more than 109,000 of those miles in steam loco cabs.

In 1962, when Ray was touring around Chicago with John Baldwin, a police car drove up and a cop advised the two camera bugs not to stay in that area too long. He treated them to coffee in a nearby cafe while warning them of the danger of being mugged thereabouts. It was, indeed, a rundown area of the city. He had recognized them as English tourists and showed a courtesy that the visitors appreciated.

Near Valencia, Spain, although Ray had been given official permission to take railway pictures in that area, he narrowly escaped being shot by an over-zealous Falangist militia man for photographing an old steam loco being hauled dead in the middle of a long freight train. The railfan hadn't known that the train consisted mostly of military stores. Later, the local authorities apologized.

AND IN RIMINI, Italy, in 1956 police threatened to arrest him for photographing a fireman who had requested to have his picture taken on an engine. But when Ray explained that both of them were railway men in locomotive service, the argument ended with smiles all around.

"Raymond Ruffell is the most dedicated rail enthusiast I have ever met," Baldwin writes. "He spares nothing in time or effort to further that interest and increase his knowledge. Most of his working life has been spent on moving trains, yet on days off duty he is often away on long-distance tours to explore other rail lines or unusual form of traction or rolling stock. Fifteen to twenty years ago, when many branches were being closed, Raymond was frequently a passenger on their last runs, decorating locomotives with floral wreaths and doing other things to make the passing of those lines memorable.

"He has many American friends, acquired through *Railroad Magazine* and through the visit he and I made together to Colorado in '62. He regards seeing and experiencing U.S. railroads as some of the greatest experiences in his life. Throughout the tour he was a distinctive figure with his beard and mustache and British Rail fireman's overalls and cap, making a photo record of what we saw. In Durango we were interviewed for a local radio program and were presented with books and other souvenirs."

One of the men who met Ray on that journey is John P. Scharle of Allentown, Pa. Both fellows were riding an organized fantrip out of Chicago and through Colorado with CB&Q 4-8-4 No. 5632 and nine cars of different types.

"My first impression of Ray," John writes, "was seeing him go through the train with his camera, photographing right and left. It didn't take me long to discover in conversation that he knew the difference between a trainsheet and a crownsheet, but he seemed modest about his railroad knowledge. He said he had stopped smoking in order to help pay for the trip."

John's niece, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, also of Allentown, met Ray

on that same tour. She tells us: "He is a neat dresser with a charming English voice and a relaxed sense of humor. Besides being a good photographer, he is an artist and a faithful letter-writer. He always uses pale blue stationery and often includes photos from some railroad holiday he's been on. After Sir Winston Churchill died, he sent me prints of the railroad funeral. When his brother Bryan got married, Ray airmailed me a piece of the wedding fruit-cake from London. He was best man at that ceremony. I wish I could have seen him in tails and top hat.

Also on his American tour Ray met Ron Ziel, of Bridgehampton, N.Y., globe-trotting photographer, author, and *Interesting Railfan*. Ron mentioned Ray in his first book. The man from Little Sandhurst is proud of the fact that he was permitted to ride the cab of the 5632, when he personally made the whistle sequence on Brad Miller's LP sound record, "Sunday Only," as the great 4-8-4 passed over frequent grade crossings and roared up Burlington Hill.

BILL LUND, for whom Ray did much of his firing, informs us: "Although Ray lived a dozen miles from the loco depot, his only means of transport there and back was a bicycle. I once suggested a motorcycle, but he detested them. During the time I knew him I can't recollect Ray every riding an automobile or being late for duty. He would have made a first class engineman but he hurt his back one day, was off sick for a long time, and eventually had to transfer to train service. He is still wrapped up in railways, but with the passing of steam he lost some of his enthusiasm, although he has volumes of photos of steam engines and the men who work on them."

Ray cuts in at this point: "The accident that led me eventually to quit engine service was falling awkwardly while I was trying to extricate some fire irons that had been buried under the coal on the tender. The railway doctor tried to persuade me to take up office work; but I hate office work, and I managed to become a guard (conductor) instead. I spent several years working out of Waterloo on many mainline runs, including the crack 10:30 express to Bournemouth and the flagship of the Southern fleet, the late lamented all-Pullman *Bournemouth Belle,* both regularly pulled by Bullied's Pacifics. Today I am happily roaming the Southern rails out of Guilderd depot."

Bill Lund picks up the story again.

"One summer, while working with me, Ray used a fortnight of

Douglas Corp. Transport horse tram 18 at Derby Castle depot in 1964, and still running. Photograph by Raymond E. Ruffell

his holiday (vacation) with other hobbyists repairing a private railway in Wales. It had been neglected. They bought it and Ray asked me to be one of the stockholders. Recently, he has been spending some of his spare time on the small privately-owned Romney, Hythe & Dymchurch line in Kent and is allowed to drive the engine, which must please him enormously.

"I have never known him to be without a camera. He is very determined. Once he has made up his mind to do something, he won't let up until it's done. He is also a good mimic and has given me many a hearty laugh. I remember the day we were working a freight train from Redhill, approaching the top of Dorking Bank. With a heavy load, we were only just moving. Ray expressed a wish to take a photo of the train; so I said, 'Why don't you?' He jumped off, ran forward some 50 yards, and made the picture. It could be that he is the only fireman who has shot a picture of his own engine coming toward him."

Ray is of medium height and weight, has reddish-brown hair, beard, and mustache, and bright blue eyes, walks briskly, and has a ready grin. His mother wanted him to find a railway management job, for which he got as far as interviews at railway headquarters in Waterloo Station in London. But he told the officials he'd like to start with loco cleaning as a first step to becoming an engineer. So he went to work at the Reading engine shed in 1952. Six weeks later he was firing yard switchers. Then he worked his way up to freight, where he got in with Bill Lund, among other drivers.

"Bill was my tutor and friend," says Ray. "He taught me the art of driving both passenger and heavy non-braked freight. On the Redhill road in those days the only freight-train brakes were the steam brakes on the drivers, the hand-brakes on the tender, and the coach brake on the van at the back. There were no brakes on the wagons (freight cars), which had buffers and three link couplings. During the many dips in the road and changes of gradient it was not unusual for a train to break in two or even more parts, although Bill and I never had such a break-away.

A PRETTY GIRL named Constance Joan Harrington, known as Joan or Connie, was working as a pharmacist in a small shop on Waterloo Station platform. She tells us what happened.

"One customer in particular caught my eye. He often popped in between trains to buy film. He looked smart in his railway uniform, had a warm smile and a fascinating beard and was handsome. We got talking together. I learned his name, Raymond Ruffel, and age, 32, the same as mine. One April day he took me to the buffet for a cup of coffee. For the next three months we saw a lot of each other. Then in July he asked me to be his wife. I said yes. We were married that November.

"Although I am not a fan like Ray, I too love railways and enjoy train travel with him. I get much pleasure from his collection of books and railroadiana and I keep his brass lamps polished. Our daughter Margaret Ann, now seven years old, and her friends have fun on our garden railway. Ray is kind, generous, ready to help anyone in need, even total strangers. But if you ask him a simple railway question you've let yourself in for a full-scale reply."

Joan is devoted to her little family which includes a cat, a hamster, a hedgehog, and Margaret Ann's goldfish and pet frogs in the garden ponds. She also likes her pharmacy job and she enjoys reading about Eastern lands, from which she collects small brass ornaments. Among her brightest memories is a tour of North Africa, partly by camel.

"I never expected Ray to marry," says Bill Lund, "for he worshipped his mother. She was widowed when her two sons were quite young and struggled to bring them up. Being a school teacher, her holidays came in summer. It amused me to see Ray, when the railway holiday list was posted, arranging to get his period changed to July or August to be with his mother. He still lives in the same house, and his model railway layout there is impressive. He has a model narrow-gage free-lance 0-4-0 saddle-tank that took him and a friend five years to build."

Daughter, Margaret Ann Ruffell, at age 6 with pet cat named Tib near L.S.R. McMullen branch in '75.

Photograph by R.E. Ruffell

Likewise in his miniature railway are a battery loco, a switcher (using a bicycle chain and hand drive), a closed Pullman car with roller bearings, upholstered seats, and electric lighting, plus an open passenger car and about six assorted freight cars which he uses for carrying bricks, cement, logs, coal, garden rubbish, etc. All this equipment was built in his own workshop. Ray also drives other steam locos on little railways in two-foot and 15″ gage.

"His 7¼″-gage railway is exceptional," writes Roland F. White, director of an English railway equipment plant and builder of miniature railways in his own factory. "It is installed in a small narrow garden of his terrace home, yet includes such features as tunnels, loco shed, turntable, etc. His personality is amusing and cheerful. Ray is one of the smartest-looking railway men I have ever seen, always well groomed."

AMONG HIS FRIENDS is J.A. McMullen, an Englishman who spent a year working for the Pennsylvania Railroad 40 years ago when that road was in its heyday. They met because Ray had heard from a miniature rail-

Senior engineer George A. Barlow and his regular loco *Green Goddess* on the table at Hythe before heading the *Blue Train* to New Romney in '69.

Photograph by Raymond Ruffell

way equipment supplier that he was building a 7¼"-gage line. McMullen's line, a third of a mile long, took seven years to build and Ray helped him with it.

Says McMullen: "He has that extra sense so necessary in the successful handling of miniature steam power. Apart from that, his knowledge of railways throughout the world, their history and technicalities, is nothing sort of remarkable, and he carries on a correspondence with people of similar tastes in several countries."

For seven years Ray and Glenn A. Staeheli of Fargo, N.D., have been pen pals. Glenn has been railroading for 23 years, mostly as a supervisor or railroad officer. He is currently first vice president of the Railway Fuel and Operating Officers Assn., subscribes to 13 rail periodicals, and has made seven trips to Europe to review operating conditions there.

"Of the many major figures in the railroad world I have contacted," Glenn writes, "Raymond Ruffell is one of the most outstanding. His energy is terrific. He has spent untold hours collecting information on which I was preparing technical reports or written articles. As an individual, he has quality and naturalness and is an encyclopedia of railroad information. Besides being articulate, he is an excellent listener.

"I have visited the Ruffell home three times. It is a 100-year-old brick house surrounded by a midget park with landscaping, a pocket garden, and his railroad winding through. Ray and his wife Joan have done a remarkable job of interior decorating. He is continually enhancing his railroad, collecting material to make it even more realistic. His first tunnel was timbered, but he recently rebuilt it in rock. His low-level tunnel under the garden has always been a problem with heat and smoke and the steep gradient up from it. Ray altered the gradient, and the midget locomotive named *Anna* can now just climb the hill with one car. He had no room to provide an easier gradient because of underground pipes in the way."

Ray takes action shots of hard-working steam locos, but prefers bridges, signals, stations, etc., with a train in the background. "As for human interest," he says, "I like shots of railway men on the job, passengers boarding or leaving trains, and young ladies doing railway work. I dislike rail-girl pix that are too obviously posed. I also love the countryside, woods, and mountains with the same feeling as another of your *Interesting Railfans,* engineer W. Frank Clodfelter. I don't go in for sports, though, and I detest hunting because I love animals."

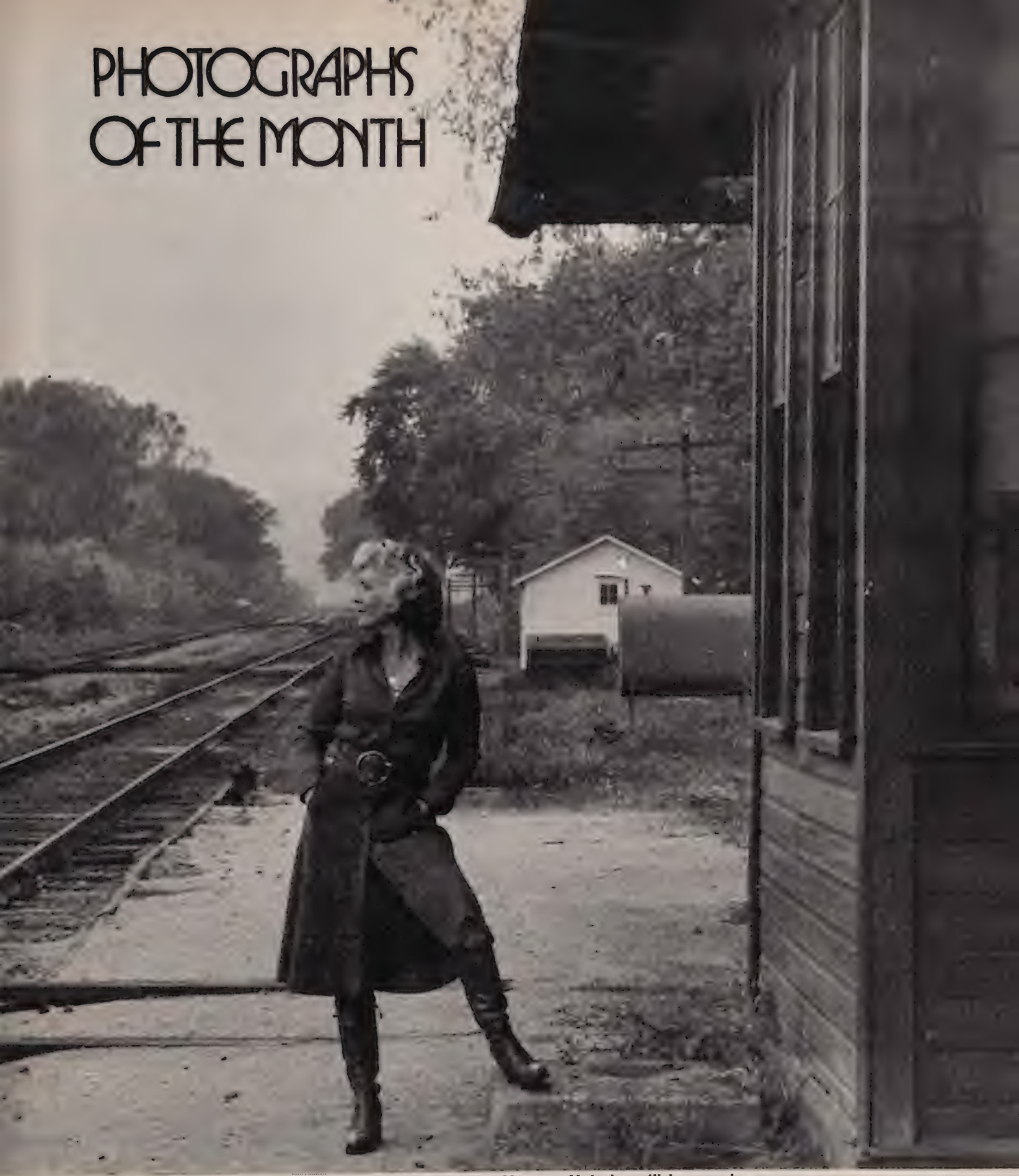
Our hero is an artist. Many of his own framed pencil drawings adorn the walls in his home. His large library includes a set of issues of *Railroad Magazine* complete from the very first issue, except for March 1912, August 1914, and December 14 and 21, 1918. He would like to buy those missing issues. Many years ago, when we made a survey of the subject, we found less than half a dozen complete sets of this magazine in the world, including our own.

Ray has a complete file of *Trains* and of the British Railway *Magazine* (since 1897) and of *Modern Railways.* Also many other magazines, several hundred books, numerous rule books, passenger and employee timetables, postcards, switch keys, railroad-picture stamps, badges, buttons, train orders, lamps, whistles, signal block instruments from towers, tie date nails, tickets, and so on. Every phase of rail operation interests him from mainline super-steam to narrow-gage and even streetcars. One case full of his railroad books is devoted to Colorado alone! His address is 2 Victoria Villas, High Street, Little Sandhurst, near Camberley, GU17 8LN, Surrey, England.

Ray has had photos published in several books as well as *Railroad Magazine* and the British *Railway Magazine, but mostly in Railway World* and *Modern Railways.* Incidentally, the first copy of *Railroad Magazine* he ever saw was on a little bookstall in Gemas, Malaya, in 1953. He read and re-read it and carried it in his pack in the jungle while his unit was fighting the Communists and protecting rail lines. ●

Ray Ruffell is an artist as well as a railway man. This sketch shows a narrow-gage DSP&P freight doubleheader with helper in Colorado, drawn from old photograph.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MONTH



Waiting for a train? If so, Yvonne Yahnke will have a long, long wait. She's standing beside the old abandoned depot at Ferryville, Wis., on a misty October morning in 1976, gazing toward the tree-lined Mississippi River, from which migrating Canadian geese will fly up. Once, but not now, the Burlington Northern trackage was singing with mainline traffic of the *Empire Builder,* the *Twin Cities Zephyr,* the *Western Star,* and the green splendor of the *North Coast Limited.*

Robert F. Yahnke, 1305 N. Sherman Ave., Madison, Wis. 53704

D&RGW westbound No. 87 crosses South Boulder Creek east of Pinecliffe, Colo., in Dec. '76.

Richard Loveman, 1238 Krameria St., Denver, Colo. 80220

Walter Olevsky, P.O. Box 64, Carlstadt, N.J. 07072

Contrasting with rundown area beneath it, this Chicago el equipment is modern and efficient.

Fuel oil for Consumer's Power Company's D.E. Karn power-generating station at Essexville, Mich., (background) will be transported by two 60-car TankTrains leased to the utility by General American Transportation Corp., a subsidiary of GATX Corp. The recently developed TankTrain system is made possible by a series of flexible hoses such as the one shown in photo. These hoses allow the train to be loaded and unloaded from a single connection, reducing time train spends in terminal.

Burlington Northern hack 10952, built for the Great Northern by Pacific Car & Foundry in 1921, will be auctioned off this April for the benefit of Public Television in Nebraska. It ran between Seattle and St. Paul and on Twin Cities local freight, and retired in December.

Unposed photo of Terry Collins of Jacksonville, Florida's TV station WTLV while on scene to record Jacksonville Chapter NRHS trip with 4501 last Sept.

Fred Clark, Jr., 312 Mariva Ave., Clearwater, Fla. 33515

Wayne Bridges, RR1, Box 282A, Delavan, Ill. 61734

During summer of 1976, Toledo, Peoria & Western leased many units from its half-parent, Santa Fe, and on a sunny day, SF GP38 No. 3534 and TP&W GP7 No. 107 ride the table at TP&W roundhouse.

Denver & Rio Grande Western 473 derailed on a curve east of Needleton, Colo., on an unremembered date. According to *Interesting Railfan* John B. Norwood, Jr., 5494 Estes Court, Arvada, Colo. 80002, who made this photo: "We worked three days and nights to clear up this mess so it wouldn't interfere with a head-on collision sequence to be staged for the movie 'Denver & Rio Grande.' "

And here are three more pictures of the same engine.

No. 473 at Silverton depot in 1971. No information available on two upper photographs.

Ken Bailey, P.O. Box 486, Rangely, Colo. 81648

THE OPEN GATE

by E.S. Dellinger

Dale and Rosemary, children of E.S. Dellinger, with a string of rainbow trout in June, 1932, at time when story was written.

STORM RACED across the Ozark hills on a midsummer night. Jagged lightning flashed over the tops of seventy slatted stock cars rolling eastward. The conductor, Frank Shelby, watched uneasily in the right cupola window of his all-steel caboose. He studied the clouds, speculating on whether or not they might breed a tornado, and peered along his train of lowing cattle.

Frank was tall, gray-haired, and heavy, but fleet of foot and brain. He had been helping the Ozark Lines move their traffic through the hills for more than thirty years. Every sound, every odor, every wisp of smoke drifting back along the rattling freights was a message to his rail-trained mind.

The train was doubleheaded. As the two engines neared the top of the long grade called Bangcock Hill, Frank saw a spark flash through the interval of darkness in the writhing line of cars ahead. He turned his back on the storm. It came again—a flash in the darkness, followed by a stream of sparks pouring beneath the touch of hard steel.

"Damn it!" the skipper said.

Fire on the wheels of a moving freight is a danger signal. He groped for his electric lantern on the floor beneath his seat, switched on the beam, and flashed it over the recumbent form of his hind brakeman, who was sleeping in the other window.

"Mac!" he called sharply.

Billy McCabe did not answer. Mac was one of the new crop of brakemen taken on two years before when the railroads were hiring men. Conductor Shelby had put him on the crew and set to work making a railroader out of him. The lanky young fellow was learning rapidly, but tonight he had come on the car with a bottle on his hip and too many drinks in his hide.

According to rules, Frank should have turned him in and instructed the office to call another brakeman. But Frank was patient and Mac was a promising youngster. Rather than help to wreck the kid's railroad career, the old head had read Rule G to him with a dire warning. But now the conductor's tone was harsh.

"McCabe, wake up!"

The brakeman snapped to attention, inquiring where they were.

"We're topping Bangcock Hill," said Frank. "There's flying fire—"

"Fire—what, where?"

"Some thirty cars ahead of you. It may be a brake sticking or a brakebeam down. You stay awake and watch the train! I'm going over the tops to see what the hell's wrong. Number 8's closing in behind us. We'll go in the hole either at Bangcock or at Bull Creek to let them by."

The kid climbed out of the cupola and went below for a drink of icewater. While he was gone, the conductor spied a half-pint flask of liquor which evidently had slipped out of the brakeman's pocket. He picked it up and smelled it.

Frank was not a teetotaler. He had been fired off the Ozark Lines fifteen years before for violating Rule G. When Blackie Reyburn, the division superintendent, had taken him back into service after ninety payless days. Frank had promised never again to take a drink while on duty. This promise he had kept.

Lifting the corner of his own cupola cushion, the O.R.C. tucked the bottle underneath where Mac wouldn't be likely to find it. Then he slipped out through the side window and trotted briskly over the tops to see what was making the fire.

It was nothing serious. A pin had been lost out of the brake rod. The rod had dropped down into the track and was dragging along under the train. This could probably do no damage except to scar a few crossties and knock bits of gravel out from between them.

THE ENGINEER whistled for Bangcock. Frank Shelby glanced at his watch. He had ample time to go to Bull Creek ahead of Number 8. If he went there for the eastbound express he could let her by and take water in one stop. His light swung in a highball. The engineer answered with two blasts of the whistle and roared through Bangcock, going to Bull Creek for the meet.

Frank sat down on the car's running board and watched the clouds sweep up from the west. They were closing in when he stopped at the Bull Creek switch. The lightning was directly overhead now and an ominous hush had fallen over the hills.

He peered back into the starless night. His marker lights were emerald sparks glowing in the darkness a quarter-mile behind. Wondering whether his brakeman was asleep or waking, Frank started down the side ladder, intending to drop off the car as they pulled into the passing track, wait until his train had cleared, and close the switch behind it. But as his tail lights were blinking out behind the curving cut leading down to the switch, the conductor saw a white light flick on in the cupola window. Billy McCane was not asleep, then.

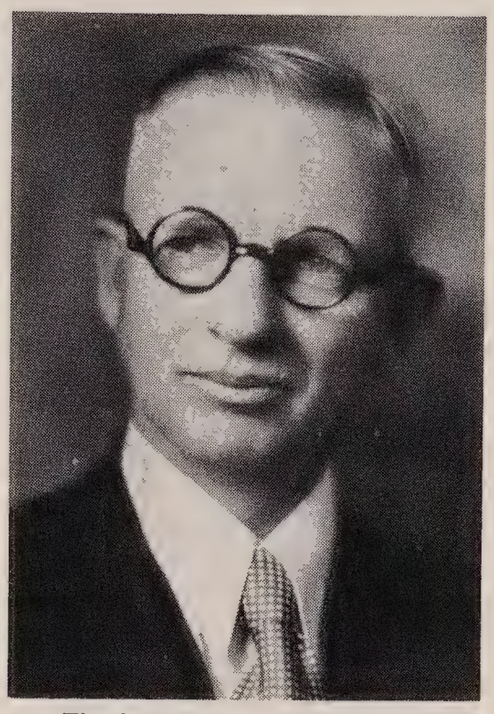
Frank rode the car into the clear. The head brakeman did not come back to help him or to look over the train, because duty required Mac to cut off the engine so the hogger could spot her at the water tank. But Mac could not do two jobs at one time.

The conductor, removed the rod, tossed it aside to be picked up by the gandy dancers, cut out the car, and noted it in his trainbook. No one except himself and Billy McCabe knew where he was nor what he was doing.

These tasks required nine minutes. When he came out from under, the storm was breaking. Big drops of rain, shot through with hailstones, were spatting the roofs. Gusts of wind were snapping twigs from the oak trees and whisking them over the railroad tracks.

Frank glanced toward the rear. His marker lights were concealed behind the storm curtain. He peered ahead. Five car-lengths away, the station order board shone green, and the yellow smudge from the window of the night telegraph office was below it.

Because Frank knew he'd be wet to the skin before he could run to the caboose, and because he could reach the office dry, he turned toward the green light; but he did not go. An indefinable something was pulling him, urging him to go to the caboose instead of the office. He looked back again, but the wind-driven torrent had blotted out every vestige of light. He looked once more at his watch. Number 8 was due in three minutes.



The late Everett S. Dellinger.

DUCKING HIS HEAD to the wind, he struck out for the crummy, walking rapidly. Rain mixed with hail pelted his face. Wind caught his raincoat and hobbled him, but conductor Shelby did not turn back. He had a hunch that Billy McCabe might have slept through the switch and without closing it.

A swinging trot carried him rapidly alongside the odorous, steaming cars of cattle. Halfway to the caboose, he heard a locomotive whistle echoing faintly through the storm: a questioning long blast, followed by two short and another long. This was not the expected station whistle. The engineer was telling the world that the light in the electric block was yellow, the yellow of the caution signal.

Frank read the call and understood it. A caution block one mile west of Bull Creek might signify an obstruction or a broken rail between the switches. It might even mean that the gate to the passing track had been left open.

The gray-headed conductor broke into a run. His mind raced on ahead. He could picture Billy McCabe asleep in the cupola. He could visualize the open switch behind, throwing its crimson flood of light along the tracks. He could almost hear the grizzled, gruff-spoken, old passenger runner in the cab of Number 8 shouting to his fireman:

"It's that son of a bitch Shelby headin' in over here on short time with that stock train!"

Damning freight conductors in general, the hogger would close his throttle, slough a few pounds of air, and slow down. He would not bring his train under full control as rules required, because he would reason that if the freight failed to clear his time, her conductor would send a flagman back to stop him. The hogger would reduce speed from 70 miles an hour to 40.

Blaring along at 40, he'd see the warning light of the head block when he was two hundred feet from it—too late to stop! Right through the open switch he'd roll, crash into the caboose, tear up two trains, and maybe kill himself and the sleeping deadhead!

Such tragedies had happened time and again on every mainline pike of the country. Fighting wind and rain, he raced on. The caboose marker blossomed in the shifting leaden field. It showed green to front and side, but the streaks of falling rain reflected a golden glow from the rear.

Mac had not turned his markers green, but had slept through. The switch was open, the Pearly Gates ajar!

AS THE CONDUCTOR dashed by the waycar, he saw a light flash on in the cupola. He heard a startled cry and the sound of two big feet hitting the waycar floor. Mac had come alive—too late! He couldn't have made the switch in time.

Frank was fast. At five car-lengths, he saw the red light of the open switch with block signal standing over. The express was coming close now. At 40 miles an hour, her engineer was bringing her in with whistle wide open. She was a scant hundred feet from the points when Frank reached the gate.

He measured the distance, estimating the risk. If he tried to throw it for the mainline but

failed, he'd ditch the train and go down beneath it. If he succeeded, he'd shoot the train down the main stem to safety.

He took the chance. He snatched the lock from the hasp, the lever from the socket. The cylinder-head brushed his coat tails as he swung it into place. Wheels caught the points and clamped them tight against the rail. The engine thundered by, trailed by fourteen coaches with wheels streaming fire, and slid to a stop somewhere along his train.

Frank followed her down to talk to the engineer. There was no argument nor fault-finding, for both had blundered. The freight crew had left an open switch; the passenger hogger had run a red board. Both men were liable to discipline, even discharge.

THE ENGINEER pumped off his brakes and pulled the train on into terminal. Frank returned to his caboose. The brakeman, wide awake now, stood bareheaded on the rear platform and muttered: "God, that was close!"

"It was," Frank said. "What in hell's the matter with you?"

Mac's reply was lame.

"I was awake when the hogger stopped for the switch," he explained. "I looked at my watch to see how far Number 8 was back of us. I must have gone to sleep while he was pulling in."

The stock train was moving as the engineer, unaware of the near-tragedy behind him, prepared to follow the express out on her block. The trainmen went into the caboose for a spot of coffee. The contrite brakeman called himself a dope. He reckoned he'd better go join the Army and let somebody else do the railroading.

"You'll quit, all right," Frank rasped. "We probably both will. When a freight crew sleeps through a sidetrack switch and leaves it open in the face of a passenger train, they're done railroading."

"They can't fire you for it, Mr. Shelby," Mac argued wishfully.

"The hell they can't! There's a rule in the book which says conductors are responsible for the position of all switches used by themselves and their trainmen."

"But you weren't on the car."

"That makes no difference. They'll pull me out of service, too."

Billy McCabe had nothing more to say. He sat erect in the cupola from there on in, staring glumly ahead at the receding storm and the cattle cars rolling along beneath it. Frank closed his reports at the waycar desk. Neither of them thought of the bottle Mac had lost but the conductor had found and hidden under his own seat cushion.

In terminal, McCabe rode the caboose on into the clear to close the door and put away the markers. The conductor went into the yard office, wrote out his report of the accident, and mailed it to the superintendent. He did not go into details. He merely said Extra 986 east had headed into the siding at Bull Creek, leaving the mainline switch open, but they had closed it before Number 8 came through. Details could come in the investigation which was sure to follow.

HAVING temporarily disposed of the matter, Frank went to his room; but sleep was far away. He lay awake all morning, racking his brain for an alibi to clear both himself and his brakeman.

There was no alibi, at least not for Billy McCabe. The kid was certain to be discharged, and he himself taken out of service. Because he had been elsewhere on the train, performing other duties, he'd probably be reinstated within ninety days; but even a conductor must be punished for his man's delinquency.

At noon Frank headed for the eating-house for lunch and ordered spaghetti with cheese and mushroom sauce. The old division superintendent was there. "Blackie" Reyburn was swarthy and hard-faced, a giant with penetrating black eyes and black hair turning gray at the temples. He had been with the Ozark for nearly twenty years. He nodded coldly when the conductor came in. Later, as he was going out, he paused beside the counter where Frank Shelby was devouring his Italian meal.

"So you almost got hit at Bull Creek last night," he said.

"Bad news travels fast," Frank replied with a faint smile, laying down his fork.

"Come over to the office when you finish eating, Shelby. Wanta talk to you."

The brass collar strode out. Frank did not pick up the fork. He had lost all taste for food. But when he left the restaurant he did not go directly to the office. He tried to find Billy McCabe first, so they could talk things over. Mac was not in his room. The door was locked, his coupe gone from the garage.

"It beats me how some guys go away when you need them," the O.R.C. muttered cynically.

He inquired among the boys. No one had seen Billy McCabe since early morning. So Frank, knowing he could not postpone his date with the official, went alone to the office.

Mr. Reyburn was leaning back in his chair with his large feet up on the battered desk fingering conductor Shelby's report and staring at the pall of smoke fogging up from the roundhouse flues.

Nodding the visitor to a chair, he put the question: "Just what happened at Bull Creek last night, Mr. Shelby?"

"You have my report."

"Of course, I have, but it doesn't give a very clear picture of the situation. Were you on your caboose when you headed in there? If not, why not? If so, why didn't you see that the switch was closed?"

THERE WAS no use trying to hedge. When Reyburn pinned a man to a chair with those black eyes, the only thing to do was tell the truth. Frank told it, omitting all reference to the liquor angle, which he thought need not be discussed.

He had seen fire flying from the train as it topped Bangcock Hill and had gone over the tops to investigate. Finding no cause for stopping the train there, he had ridden the car into Bull Creek siding and taken the rod off there.

"And McCabe—was he alone in the caboose?"

"Yes," said Frank. "He was."

"Who closed the gate?"

"I did."

"Mean to tell me you took that rod down, walked a half-mile through the rain, and closed that switch in twelve minutes?"

"I didn't *walk,* Mr. Reyburn; I *ran.*"

"Why? If you knew McCabe was alone in the caboose and either asleep or drunk, why didn't you stay at the switch and close it instead of letting a passenger train run up on it and almost cause a wreck?"

"I didn't know it, Mr. Reyburn. Mac was awake when we're pulling in. I saw him switch on his light in the cupola window."

"Then why in hell did you go racing back there?"

"Hunch, pure and simple."

The conductor studied the official countenance and read doubt in it. Reyburn crumpled the report, but didn't toss it into the waste basket.

"You hadn't been drinking last night, Mr. Shelby?"

"No, I hadn't, Mr. Reyburn."

"Had McCabe?"

"You'd better ask Mac."

"I'm afraid I can't, Mr. Shelby," the official said harshly. "He left town this morning."

"Left town? Where'd he go?"

"That's what I was going to ask you. McCabe came into the office before I came down, resigned his job, drew his pay, closed his account at the bank, loaded his stuff into his coupe and drove off. So far as I know, he didn't even leave a forwarding address."

FRANK cleared his throat but said nothing. Mr. Reyburn reached into his old desk and pulled out a half-pint flask, partly filled. The conductor's heart jumped. He had forgotten the bottle he left under his seat cushion. The brass collar read his face and misinterpreted it.

"Is it your liquor, Mr. Shelby?"

"No, sir, it isn't."

"You ride the right-hand side of the cupola when you watch a train, don't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"This bottle of whisky was found under the right cupola cushion."

"But it isn't mine."

Frank knew by the official air that his protest was useless. He was already condemned, and Mac's disappearance had scaled his fate.

"I am disappointed in you, Shelby," Reyburn said relentlessly. "You promised me when I took you back into service years ago."

"I have kept that promise," the conductor cut in. "I haven't taken a drink out of that bottle or any other bottle."

"I suppose you took it away from your brakeman and hid it under your own cushion to keep him from getting drunk."

"That's exactly what I did."

The super jerked his feet off the desk and planked them hard on the floor.

"That is a good story to tell your mother, Mr. Shelby. I'm sure she'd believe it. Frankly, I don't. The way I've doped the thing out, you and your man were both boozing—"

"I told you I wasn't."

"Please don't interrupt. As I said, you were both boozing. You slept through the switch and came alive a split second before it was too late. The evidence is pretty conclusive. You reached the switch and closed it. McCabe skipped out, leaving you to hang full responsibility on him and clear yourself. But you don't clear worth a damn."

His voice was cold and hard now. "Shelby, turn in your equipment and draw your pay. You are through on the Ozark Lines."

Frank did not appeal his case. He knew that carrying liquor on the caboose was sufficient cause for dismissal and he reasoned that even the head of his own Order of Railway Conductors would interpret its presence there as Mr. Reyburn had viewed it. So he dismally signed a service letter reading: *"Dismissed for Neglect of Duty,"* cashed his pay check, and left the Ozark Lines.

FOR TWO YEARS and a half he rambled unhappily over the country seeking jobs on other railroads. What job, what road, didn't matter so long as he could feel the sway of cars on rolling wheels and smell the familiar odor of grease and smoke drifting in through his cupola windows.

He tried the big systems and the short industrial lines, but his age was against him. Their hiring limit was thirty-five; Frank Shelby was in his fifties. Officials said he was too old. Occasionally he landed a job on an industrial pike, but it did not last long.

Then a war broke out. Business improved. The railroads used up their reserves and hired new men. They raised their hiring age to forty, forty-five, and then to fifty. Frank observed a change in the official attitude.

More than one trainmaster told him: "You're too old for us yet, Mr. Shelby. But nobody knows where we're going to be before this war's over. We may be hiring men your age and even older."

One morning found him in Winston, division headquarters of the Pacific Eastern, up near the Continental Divide. He had gone there following rumors that the PE was hiring switchmen and trainmen regardless of age or cause of dismissal from previous positions.

The ex-conductor knew as soon as he hit town that the tip was a hot one. Twenty brakemen and conductors were paging the crew dispatchers, begging him to let them off for the 4th of July, but the spare boards had no extra men to replace them.

CONFIDENT that he had come at last to the end of his rambling trail, Frank Shelby spruced himself up and hung around the yard office, listening to the men's gossip. He learned that on the Pacific Eastern the hiring had been taken out of the hands of the trainmasters and turned over to an employment bureau.

As soon as this bureau opened for the day he rode the elevator up to the fourth floor of the terminal building, stepped off onto the tile, and walked boldly in. An efficient girl clerk with big breasts and a ready smile met him at the window.

"I understand you're hiring trainmen," he said hopefully.

"Yes, we are. Have you had experience?"

"Plenty of it," Frank replied.

She inquired his name, wrote it on a white file card, and asked: "How old are you?"

"A month past fifty-six."

She shoved the card aside and drew a line through the neatly printed name.

"I am sorry, Mr. Shelby. Our limit is fifty-five."

The former conductor was in no mood to give up. He had been assured by crew room philosophers

that the Pacific Eastern would hire any capable man who could walk without crutches. He called the girl back as she was turning away from the window and inquired pleasantly: "Who sets these age limits, miss?"

"The general manager, sir."

"Why can't you put me to work during the holiday rush and take the matter up with him later?" he suggested. "I'm sure he'd be glad to give special consideration to a man of my experience. I know the railroad game. I am in good health and quick on my feet."

The girl stood at the window pondering. She asked Frank how long he had worked and where. He showed her his service letter from the Ozark Lines. She seemed favorably impressed by the fact that he had held one job for more than thirty years, even though he'd been fired for neglect of duty, but she shook her head.

"No, Mr. Shelby. This office has no authority to do that."

"What about the trainmaster? Or the division superintendent? Couldn't one of them assume authority in an emergency?"

"I cannot say. The superintendent is in the private office now in conference with the head of this department. If you care to, you may wait and lay your case before him when he comes out."

THE EXILE found a seat and waited. The girl rouged her pretty lips and sat at her desk writing reports. A clatter of telegraph instruments came from the dispatchers' office to mingle with the intermittent click of her machine.

Out in the yards, switch engines shuffled cars on the leads, making up trains for the big Mikes to move away to far places. Familiar odors of smoke and grease, wafted on mountain wind, drifted in through the open windows.

When he had been waiting an hour, the office door opened and two men came out talking earnestly. One was the employment manager. He was rotund and bald and wore thick-rimmed glasses. But Frank didn't even notice him. The applicant's eyes were fixed on the familiar hulk and full face of the division superintendent.

The girl called, "Mr. Shelby," and he strode over to the window. She started to introduce the former O.R.C., but the superintendent interrupted.

"Yes, I know him. What are you doing here, Shelby?"

"Applying for a job in train service, Mr. Reyburn."

"You're too old. You're about fifty-eight now, aren't you?"

"Fifty-six," Frank corrected.

"That's still one year too old."

"I know, but I thought you might put me to work through the rush and get a special permit—"

"You don't think straight, Shelby," was the curt answer. "I shall certainly not ask the general manager to give special consideration to a man of fifty-six who could not lay off the booze and stay awake while pulling into a sidetrack ahead of a passenger train."

"But I told you—"

"Yeah, I remember. No, Shelby, there's no job for you. Sorry!"

Frank turned from the window. It was hard for him to keep his chin up and shoulders back. He had banked heavily on this hope.

BUT AS HE reached for the door knob, Reyburn called him back. The big official had not moved from his tracks. He was leaning on the window ledge and smiling whimsically.

"I don't want to insult you, Shelby," he said, "but I've got a railroad job for you if you want it."

"What kind of job?"

"We need a section hand at Linton. Er—you look pretty strong—" The super broke off suddenly, as if slightly embarrassed.

Frank flushed. He wasn't hunting that kind of work. Still, a job was a job. Smothering a hot refusal, he stuffed his fingers into threadbare pockets. They encountered only a crumpled dollar bill and four thin dimes.

"Where is Linton?" he inquired.

"It's a stock chute with a passing track and four dethroned boxcars in the Cedar brakes beyond the Divide."

The applicant fingered his bill and small silver. He had been tipped off that the Feather River Route was hiring conductors with no questions asked. But he couldn't get to the Feather River Route on a dollar and forty cents.

Matching the official smile, he said blandly: "You've just hired a gandy dancer."

"Fine! Fill out your application here with Miss Cutter. We'll give you a wire pass so you can ride the merchandise peddler over the hill tonight. Report to Pedro Sanchez. He's foreman over there. He'll fix you up with a boxcar and some bedding. You can chase the packrats out and live like a railroad man."

THE MERCHANDISE peddler left Winston at dark in charge of conductor Morton. Like Shelby, Morton was a railroad exile but had found a home on the Pacific Eastern because of the wartime rush.

His crew that night was a bunch of new men. All crews were student crews now, for experienced car hands had been promoted and placed in charge of greenhorns. Morton said they were in for a hectic night, the peddler being a midnight local. He had stock cars to set out all along the line, a dozen short loads of merchandise, and two lead-lined tank cars of sulfuric acid for Crestline at the top of the continental Divide.

Conductor Morton took Frank into his caboose and invited him to feel at home. Soon the young hind brakeman came in to prepare for the run. This fellow happened to be superintendent Reyburn's youngest son, Jack.

Jack had been working a month for pay. Frank Shelby soon became aware that he was not a born railroader like his father nor did he possess the old man's driving force. The youngster handled himself, his club, and his lantern like a dummy, and left half of his caboose chores undone when he went away to let the brakes off his cars.

Because Morton's men were new, he went with them to supervise the switching at the first few stations. At Upton, Brigham, and Haviland, he saw to it that the cars were spotted where they should be and that they were securely anchored.

Haviland was nine miles east of Crestline, the middle of the division, and sixteen from Linton, where Frank would work. Here they met Number 16, the eastbound all/pullman passenger

train. She was running late and carrying signals for a following section.

When the regular section had cleared, the freight left Haviland. Reading the orders on the filing hook between the cupola windows, Frank noted that they had sufficient time on the second one to set out their acid cars in Crestline and go down to Linton for her.

THEY PULLED into Crestline about midnight. The moon was an hour high. Studying the layout in its thin light, Frank observed that the Crestline station was located at the very top of the continental Divide. Railroad tracks hung over the ridge like meal sacks over a saddle.

The station and the telegraph office were on the north side of the main line. The chemical plant was beside a spur which made off the passing track on the south. Frank noted that this spur was on a sharp incline, leading down through two switches into the main stem and the heavy grades of Linton Hill.

Since they were not meeting another train here, the engineer pulled up the mainline to do his switching. The conductor did not go with his brakeman, because the red order board was calling him to the office. Assuming that even student brakemen could cut two cars off the head end of a train and back them into a spur track without getting into trouble, he told young Reyburn:

"Now, kid, I'm letting you take care of this job. Spot them acid cars at the platform, set the brakes on both of 'em, and throw that derailer when you bring the engine out. Now, don't forget it, because there's a hell of a big hill west of here. If cars run out of this track into the mainline they could kill somebody and land a brakeman in the pen for manslaughter."

Jack promised to obey. The instant the train stopped, both men hit the ground going forward along the train, the conductor on the right, the brakeman on the left.

Frank did not go with them. He had been denied the right to do the kind of work he loved. He was being given an old man's job on a mountain section. The ex-conductor sat in the cupola window staring out over the mottled hills, and figuring mentally how long it would require for him to save money enough on the section to go on to Feather River.

He watched the student brakemen's lights. His rail-trained mind read and interpreted their every movement. He saw the head man cut off the acid cars and bring them back into the chemical spur. He saw Jack Reyburn meet them at the plant as they came up and take control.

Just why Jack did not do the few things he had been told to do, Frank didn't know; but when he came away, the former O.R.C. realized that the youth had left his task unfinished.

THE HEAD BRAKEMAN coupled the engine onto the train and cut in the air. Jack came striding to the waycar, switched off his lantern, and started up the cupola ladder.

Frank stopped him. "You forgot something, didn't you, son?"

"What?" the brakeman asked curtly, nettled by the interference of a man whom his father had fired for neglect of duty.

"Didn't you forget to throw your derailer after you put your cars away?"

"By jings! I sure did." He switched on his light and started out. "Thanks, oldtimer."

Frank said: "Wait a minute. Did you block your wheels?"

"Why, no, I didn't. The conductor didn't tell me to."

"You set your hand brake?"

"Yes, on both cars."

Frank then asked: "Did you bleed the air ones off before you set them?"

"No, I didn't," said Jack.

"Then how do you know they're going to hold when your air leaks away?"

Frank continued in the exact and convincing tones of an instructor teaching a willing student the tricks of a new game.

"From here on, remember that when you leave rolling stock on a grade line like this there are certain things you *must* do. First, before you cut your engine off, cut the air out of them and bleed the cylinders. Second, set the handbrakes with a hickory club. Third, block a wheel or two so your cars won't roll out if some kid playing around them lets off the brakes."

Frank paused a few seconds.

"Finally, after you know they're tied down and blocked, set and lock that derailer—because in spite of all your precautions, they might get away and start out exploring. If they do, it's better for them to walk over a derailing switch into the ditch than to wander out into the mainline where other trains are moving."

The student thanked him again and trotted away to finish his job. Conductor Morton caught the caboose pulling by the station. The brakeman climbed on a few car-lengths beyond. They came into the car together.

"Did you throw that derailer?" the skipper inquired.

"Yes, sir!" Jack grinned and winked at the exile.

"And set brakes on both cars?"

"You bet I did."

THE TRAIN rolled down the hill on burning brakes and went into the hole at Linton to meet Second Number 16. The engineer pulled a half-mile of train into three quarters of a mile of passing track. He stopped with the rear end 800 feet from the emerald light of the east switch and the two signal semaphores which stood beside it with arms uplifted toward the heavens in mute signal that all was well.

The pale light of the mountain moon fell softly over the rounded hills dotted with clumps of pinon shrubs and juniper. Ahead of the caboose, the line of standing cars curved down the narrow canyon in broken cuts of high and low.

Off to the left loomed the stock pens, white with the green blob of the stock-track switch 300 feet behind the waycar. Far down toward the engine the dim outlines of four "dethroned boxcars" which housed Pedro Sanchez and his gandy dancers sprawled alongside the tracks.

Frank was in no hurry to leave the friendly waycar and go down there in search of his new home. He sat in the cupola visiting with the conductor. Jack Reyburn, having looked around his train, came back to join them in a gabfest.

After they had been in Linton

forty minutes, a yellow illumination flicked on at the west switch, a green one at the east. That was as it should be. A troop train was now hammering up the grade at about twenty miles an hour. Her wheels were running into electric circuits, setting automatic block signals against opposing traffic and switching on the lights ahead so the engineer could see how his own signals stood.

While they were talking, Frank played with the new switch key and watched the light in the west. When it had been yellow three minutes, the troop train coming into the circuit a mile below the switch changed it from gold to crimson.

At almost the same instant Frank, facing forward, saw a golden glow reflected in the front glass of the cupola where a moment before the reflection had been green.

Only a railroad man of long experience would have attached significance to this changed reflection. Even conductor Morton did not notice it; and Jack Reyburn, though he was facing the source of the light, paid no attention to the matter.

THE EXILE turned and looked back. As he had expected, the semaphore rounded over the east switch which had been green and should have so remained was throwing an orange flare down the threads of shining steel.

"Is a train coming down the hill behind you?" he asked Morton.

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"Because," said Frank, "that eastbound signal just now went to caution."

The conductor shifted his position and stared uneasily at the yellow light. Frank continued playing aimlessly with the switch key. He recalled a rainy summer night on another railroad.

He was not conscious of the beating exhaust of the troop train on the grade below. About the time her engineer whistled for the mile, the yellow light behind changed to red.

Conductor Morton whirled accusingly on the student and screeched: "You didn't set the brakes on them acid cars at Crestline, Reyburn?"

"I most certainly did."

"Then you didn't throw that derail."

"Of course, I did. I told you I did when we left there."

The crew men chattered on, but the exile scarcely heard them. Still clutching the conductor's switch key, he left the cupola in a flying leap and bounded down to the waycar floor. Neither the conductor nor his brakeman took time to climb down the steps. Frank piled out of the caboose and they piled out behind him.

Forgetting that he was not conductor on the crew, Frank was saying as much to himself as to them: "There's something coming down that hill and coming fast. He's made that last mile in less than a minute."

"Yeah," jabbered the excited skipper, "but there's not a hoghead on this pike who'd dare to bring a train down Linton Hill at the rate that's comin'."

THEY ALL PAUSED on the ground at the foot of the waycar steps, bewildered by this unexpected play of signal lights. The exhaust of the troop train's two big engines were beating fast time.

Frank, his keen ears alert to every sound, thought he could hear a drum of rolling wheels off to the east. Instinct told him those wheels were under two cars of sulfuric acid escaped from the chemical spur. How they had escaped, or why, he did not then take time to question.

He saw that the conductor had gone to pieces. Morton, convinced that his brakeman had not closed the derail nor braked the cars, was seeing himself fired from his job and sent again into exile.

Frank's quick brain took in the situation. He foresaw the consequences of a cornfield meet between a troop train and two cars of acid running about 60 miles an hour. He visualized also the one way to avert it.

Reaching up, he struck the O.R.C. a jolt between the shoulders to bring him to his senses. Trying to speak calmly as if he were directing a job of switching in a busy yard, Frank said:

"Snap out of it, man! Run down the hill and stop that passenger train if her engineer gets by the switch before the head block sets against him. I'll beat it to the gate and turn those cars down the passing track."

Frank did not wait to see whether or not his injunction was obeyed. He knew not if the conductor dashed into the waycar for a fusee or kept going around in circles. Whirling, the ex-conductor was gone like the wind, speeding toward the passing track switch. He knew the race would be a photo finish. The cars, thundering down at about 60 miles an hour, had less than a mile to run—he had 800 feet.

As he ran he recalled vividly that other race a year and a half before, at Bull Creek. Then there had been lightning, thunder and dashing rain. Tonight was only soft moonlight and a gentle wind breathing down from the Great Divide.

He was halfway to the switch before he saw the cars and knew for certain his hunch had been true. At first the runaways were only a blur against the light of the low-hung moon, but as they sped toward him he could see their round black bodies glowing dully in its light.

They appeared close, far closer than Frank had expected. They were coming on wings. They were almost upon him when he reached the switch. The conductor's key which he had clutched in his palm was out now, groping for the lock and the keyhole in it. His shaking hand found it. The key turned—the bar snapped back—the lock came out.

Now the cars were barely 20 feet away, but tonight there was no question whether or not to throw. If he opened the points and failed to close them, they'd at least derail and not go careening into the train below.

He jerked the lever out of the socket and leaped with it. Wheels came against the point. Frank could not set the lever. He could only hold grimly on and pray that the cars would not roll over on their sides and pin him beneath them.

FLANGED wheels were screaming through the turnout. The terrific speed almost wrenched the lever from his

grasp. The first truck went through. A round body towered above him heeling crazily. It righted itself and went through. The second followed.

Weak and trembling, Frank Shelby held the lever down long after they had gone. Then he closed the gate and locked it.

Down toward the west, the engineer of the troop train had answered a *stop* sign and was whistling out his flagman from the rear.

Frank listened to the call and watched the acid cars go wobbling through the passing track. He expected to see them crash into the waycar; but somewhere in the gray moonlight swimming crazily, he saw a white light moving, a man running, the light of the stock track switch change from green to yellow.

The white light stopped. The yellow one blinked out. He heard a crash of splintering wood and rending steel. But the caboose markers did not go out; for Morton, coming alive, had sent Jack Reyburn to throw the stock-track switch and turn them down the spur.

Ex-conductor Shelby walked down the track. The excited brakeman was standing beside the waycar steps, staring wide-eyed at the debris of his first train wreck. Frank calmly surveyed the scene where two acid cars had gone crashing through the stock pens and had come to rest within, pouring a flood of acid on their floors. The acid oozed away into the sand.

The engineer brought his troop train up the main line and stopped it even with the waycar. He came out of his cab with his firemen and Conductor Morton.

A moment later they were joined by the passenger conductor and superintendent Reyburn, who had met the soldiers somewhere to the west and was riding with them into Winston.

The super's face was as black as the storm clouds of his native Ozark hills. He looked over the wreckage of the stock pens and the two acid cars piled up within them.

"Where did those cars come from, Mr. Morton?" he demanded.

"I suppose they came from Crestline, Mr. Reyburn," said Morton uneasily. "At least, we set them in there about two hours ago."

"How did they get down here?"

"Rolled down, I reckon."

"Why didn't you assure yourself that brakes were set on them and the derail thrown so they couldn't roll out?"

"You might ask your son about that, Mr. Reyburn. I sent him to do the job and he told me he had done it right."

"What about it, young man," the father demanded sternly. "If this conductor left you to do a man's job, why didn't you do it?"

"I did," said Jack. "I bled the air out of those cars, set the hand brakes on them, and threw the derailer. If you don't believe it, ask Mr. Shelby. He watched me the first time and sent me back to do it right."

"Oh, he did, eh?"

A humorous twinkle came into the hard eyes.

"Yes, sir. He sure did."

"Then will you explain how they rolled down here?"

"I haven't the remotest idea."

"What about you, Shelby?" The super turned to the man whom he had denied a job on the rattling freights. "You're pretty good at figuring alibis. How do you think they got away?"

"I don't know, Mr. Reyburn. Maybe saboteurs let the brakes off and sent them down to wreck the troop train."

"Saboteurs!" The official brows knotted. "That has happened elsewhere. It could happen here."

THE MEN stood beside the pilot talking about the accident and speculating its cause. The superintendent asked other questions, which his son and the conductor answered. When he was certain he had a case cooked up to turn to the F.B.I., he said to Frank:

"I've changed my mind about you, oldtimer. I believe you will be of greater value to us and to your country in train service than you will be working on the—"

"He'd be a great conductor for a crew of green students," Jack interrupted eagerly.

"He always was a great conductor," the super admitted. "If only he hadn't been boozing that night at Bull Creek—"

"Who said he was boozin' that night at Bull Creek?" boomed a heavy voice from the shadows where a group of non-coms of the troop train had gathered.

The railroad men turned to see whence came the voice. A big technical sergeant of a truck unit stepped forward and confronted the super.

"Shelby was cold sober that night at Bull Creek, Mr. Reyburn," he declared. "I'm the guy that was in the red-eye. Me, Billy McCabe."

"My God!" exclaimed the super. "Of all people! What a coincidence!"

There were greetings and explanations. Sergeant McCabe said he had fled from trouble in the Ozarks to join the Army. He realized now that he'd been a heel to fade out of the picture and leave the conductor holding the bag.

Frank rode the cab out as the troop train pulled away. He was heading back to Winston for a place on the conductors' extra board. ●

Victor G. Westman, 52 Bear Mt. Rd., Danbury, Conn. 06810

TRACKSIDE in the DIESEL AGE

by Jim Edmonston

New Amtrak GE P-30CH No. 712 shows flat, rail-free nose, loaf-of-bread car body and CC trucks at Silver Springs, Md., on April 10, 1976.

Photograph by H. Buckley

BY NOW, the worst winter recorded in the East and Midwest should be past history, but will long be talked about. Besides the energy crisis, which keeps popping up, and the general interruption to commerce, the unusually severe weather disrupted our railroads. Frigid Ohio moved up into the Arctic Circle. The Chessie System, among others, had trains stalled in drifts.

Toledo Terminal area was closed for a time to traffic, causing major holdups. A grain train immobilized in a snowy tomb at Oxford, Ohio, tied up the whole Indianapolis Division, while Chillicothe No. 94 freight was snowbound at Washington Court House, also in Ohio, plugging that subdivision.

Norfolk & Western simply shut down most of its Ohio-Indiana ex-Nickel Plate trackage and threw away the key. Passenger service, too, suffered. Amtrak annulled its *Shenandoah* and other trains because of frozen equipment. (Pipes on steam-heated cars iced-up and ruptured.)

The area around Buffalo, N.Y., will remember its historic 12 to 15 feet of snow until the last flag is whistled in. All transportation thereabouts was halted for I don't know how long. Conrail took to short-term leasing whatever units it could find to replace those frozen in and around Buffalo. Among the leased units were those Southern FP-7's withdrawn from Piedmont service. I had heard about Amtrak leasing 11 of them. Eight were spotted (two four-unit sets) being checked out at Sharon Yard early in February. Conrail leased 40 Chicago & North Western units also.

January and early February were especially bad periods for wrecks. For example, at Elmwood Place, Ohio, just north of Cincinnati, a southbound Conrail transfer drag was clobbered by the last three loaded coal hoppers and caboose of a northbound train. The cars derailed right in front of the southbound, throwing GP-38 No. 7829 and two sisters off the right-of-way and into a house, knocking it off its foundation! The southbound crew went to the hospital; fortunately, none were hurt seriously. The highly-important CR main was cleared the next day, causing but a slight interruption in traffic.

Down in Alabama, just north of Birmingham, the Amtrak *Floridian* again hit the ditch, injuring one passenger out of 116 aboard. The rear unit, SDP-40F No. 614, derailed and took 11 Amtrak cars and one Auto-Train car carrier down the bank.

THE PITTSBURGH PRESS on January 16th told of a four-car Budd RDC train of the B&O being set in motion in the Glenwood servicing area by persons unknown. The runaway rolled 7.6 miles down the Monongahela Valley at about 50 mph before plowing into a string of Pittsburgh & Lake Erie cars standing on the main at McKeesport, Pa. An alert operator at Glenwood Junction tower, about a mile east of the yard, had lined the main for an eastbound freight and was shocked to see the Budds go by. Their lights were on, but nobody was in the cab. He got the P&LE dispatcher on the horn.

DS radioed the crew of an 80-car northbound freight which was preparing to make a pickup at Riverton Yard in McKeesport, where B&O crosses P&LE. The crew ducked their power into a siding, and lined the runaway into their standing train of hoppers. The first two Budds hit the train and ended up squarely on top of the hoppers, as though they'd been loaded by a green crane operator. The numbers visible in the *Press* photo seem to be 9930 and 9914.

The lead car is totalled; the second car is questionable; the trailing two were repaired and put back in service. Without quick communications, a cornfield meet with probable loss of life would have been inevitable. B&O reports that on the night of December 30th, when the incident occurred, other units in Glenwood Yard showed signs of being tampered with. However, it is unlikely that anyone not familiar with locomotive controls could have gotten the Budds in motion. The controller handles had to be located and fitted in proper position in the console before the Budds could move.

This works in the same way as if you had left your automobile running in park and taken the shift lever with you.

SCL U-18B No. 329 leads Amtrak through Clearwater, Fla., in '74.

H.L. Buckley, 3333 Univ. Blvd. W. #309, Kensington, Md. 20795

New NdeM GE U-18B on way south at Frankfort, Ind., Sept. 5, 1974.

John F. Harris, RR6, Box P45, Frankfort, Ind. 46041

The air-brakes were released but the hand-brake was left on, which is why the cars did not accelerate above 50 in the 7½ miles. It is peculiar also that the cars were set in motion after the main had been lined for a freight, which let them out on the main without derailing. Coincidence? The runaway could have been caused by some disgruntled employee or ex-employee or a job applicant with running experience who had been turned down. Or just a kid who had watched engineers handle Budds. Any passenger in the front of these cars could observe engineers at work. Either way, B&O men at Glenwood will be increasingly attentive to any stranger in the area, which bodes unhappily for railfans. We get the blame for mysterious incidents these days.

REBIRTH of heavy coal traffic has brought new life to the Georges Creek area of western Maryland. B&O diesels are now hard at work over the old mainline of the Cumberland & Pennsylvania, a railroad whose rails were laid before the Civil War. The C&P served Alleghany County and ran from Cumberland, Md., to Piedmont, W. Va., with a branch to State Line, Pa., where it connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad. Both the B&O and Western Maryland had connections with C&P at Cumberland and Piedmont.

Consolidation Coal Co., owned the line and built their own engines at Mt. Savage, Md. They also built locos at Mt. Savage for the bigger sister line, the Hocking Valley, in central Ohio. HV became an important part of C&O in the 1930s. The last loco built at Mt. Savage was C&P 33, which was sold to the Winchester & Western of Winchester, Va.

C&P's passenger timetable would cause Amtrak nightmares today. The little road made 22 stops in 32 miles, with two round trips daily. This service ended in 1942. The Brill gas-electric that was then in charge was sold to the New York, Susquehanna & Western. A few years later, C&P itself was sold to the Western Maryland. The line from Mt. Savage to Cumberland was removed and served from the WM's Connellsville extension, using connections at Frostburg, Md. The line from Frostburg to Shaft also was dropped. It was served from WM's Elkins Division main.

Today, the Western Maryland is part of the Chessie System. The Connellsville extension, parallelling the B&O's Pittsburgh Division main west out of Cumberland, has been shut down. However, the route from Cumberland to Frostburg remains in use as a connection to the old C&P line, the Kaiser brickyard at Zihlman, and the brick yards at Mt. Savage.

Phillips Coal Co. has built new coaling facilities at Shaft capable of loading 100 cars a day. New sidings installed at Ocean serve the strip mines in the area. This area also will produce 100 cars a day; full capacity "On the Creek." Coal is again king on the line which used the slogan "Rail Shipments Cost Less." But today, instead of the C&P's 2-8-0's and 4-wheel bobber cabooses, B&O GP-38's and 40's work the line. Western Maryland's diesels are operating on the Chessie mainline.

Chessie is upgrading the 100-year-old, 90-lb. rail to handle the new tonnage, to the extent that ribbon-rail is rumored for this spring. Presently, all trains have a 5-mile speed limit and it takes a crew a good 12 hours to work the line. Apparently two trains a day will be needed to haul expected tonnage. This fine report comes from Edward P. Flanigan, 207 W. Mechanic St., Frostburg, Md. 21532.

THE AREA had a very rough winter, even for that locale, according to John Kunis, 707 Virginia Ave., Cumberland, Md. 21502. Our correspondent reports seeing B&O's new SD-40-2's coming in from La Grange. They are 7600-series. Thus far he has noted 7600-7607. Of course, B&O's mighty EM-1 2-8-8-4's were 7600-7629 when delivered from Baldwin, and only the very youngest B&O fans in that area missed them. They were the best locos B&O ever owned, possibly the best B&O ever will own. In 1956 they gave up those big numbers and were assigned 600-series digits, clearing the 4-digit numbers for diesels. It has taken B&O 20 years to find something worthy of the 7600-series . . . those new SD's had better be good!

John says three WM F-7's moved west dead-in-train—probably trade-ins—but most of the others are still in use in his vicinity. No active WM Alco RS-3 has been spotted in Cumberland for two months or so, but 195 and 198 are still on the storage rack. B&O Alcos still stored in Cumberland are 9041, 9088, 9100, and 9060, with S-4 9005 in service there. All are 1000 HP switchers. No. 9041 looks pretty in new B&O blue paint with "TT" stencilled on it. Might that be Truax-Traer Coal?

C&O GP-9's have been showing up in Cumberland and getting restencilled in yellow to Western Maryland. So far the numbers involved are 5944, 5961, 5989, and 5995. These locos hauled black diamonds for 20 years in the Pocohontas coal region of southern Virginia and West Virginia. Evidently they will now trundle coal on WM rails out of West Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

East Washington RR Alco RS-1 No. 103 (ex-Washington Terminal) was sent west in January after the little road-folded. It was spotted passing through Cumberland, still in full paint. Western Maryland Alco S-6 152 also left town, headed east. Buffalo Creek & Gauley 2-8-0 No. 13, ex-Kelley's Creek & Northwestern, ex-C&O, which had been renumbered Penn Museum 622, spent the last few years rusting in the Ridgely, W. Va., yards of Western Maryland. Now she has been sold to Bob Paugh of Elkhart, Ind., for operation. She left Cumberland in January.

CONRAIL, struggling to bring its property up to a break-even status, was especially hard hit by the winter weather. Its operating area—from Chicago to Boston and everything in between—was devastated by heavy snow, sub-zero cold, and high winds. Operations continued, though, except in Buffalo, and reports of Conrail doing things are still coming in.

Jim Chekouras of Ashtabula, Ohio, has been seeing those leased SP units on CR trains; and a wreck on the Conrail main in early February had Conrail trains running through Ashtabula on the Norfolk & Western (ex-NKP). Conrail officially quit running the Cleveland-Youngstown local (28-29, ex-Erie train) on Jan. 14th, right before the worst of the weather hit.

Al Shade of Cleveland reports that Amtrak 49 was six hours late one day, due to snow and wind. Conrail activity slowed with the closing of the Buffalo Terminal, but Collinwood Shops were still busy with many EMD repairs. Two Reading SW-1500's in dilapidated paint arrived for reconditioning, also CR 2052. F units remained active in the Cleveland area, including Conrail 1710, 1841, 1775, and EL 7121.

Jerry Rosenfield of Dumont, N.J., seems to be getting a lot of Conrail units which have been put in blue paint but without the big "Wheels on Rails" logo. These units have "Conrail" spelled out on the ends. However, U-36C No. 6587 (ex-EL 3324) has an even simpler scheme; it is blue with only "CR" on ends and sides. Is this a return to austerity? Will the rest of the fleet come out without the logo, which is the only saving factor of the Conrail scheme? Jerry thinks so.

BOB CALLAHAN, Box 787, St. Bonaventure, N.Y. 14778, grew up in the New York-New Jersey area and thus is accustomed to high-density traffic with GG-1's and commuter diesels, but is now enrolled at St. Bonaventure University in Olean, N.Y., where the ex-EL Chicago-Jersey City line and the old Pennsy Buffalo-Harrisburg lines cross. Bob now sees the long-distance diesel-powered freights.

Since Olean is now a Conrail town, Bob has been finding locos from the absorbed roads as well as the leased units from CN, Precision, BAR, MP, SP, etc. For example, in Olean's "AD" yard of Conrail, he saw Precision GP-35 No. 6528 and CR blue SD-35 6030 without a logo. In the same period, freight SA-2, a local operating between Salamanca and Wellsville, N.Y., over the ex-EL, used BAR GP-9 No. 79, which the crew said was very much better than the "junk" they normally had.

Also, SH-1, a string of empty hoppers which is interchanged with B&O at Salamanca, had Penn Central SD-45 and MP/C&EI GP-35 No. 2515.

Bob says most CR engineers that he has talked to confirm that the CN units are all returned and none have been seen recently. Also, the men claim they will not multiple with US units, but reports and photos coming to me seem to dispute that. SP units also are becoming evident on EL mainline east-west trains.

Rumors have it that the New York & Long Branch equipment is under fire by the New Jersey DOT, which wants to replace the aging E-8's and E-7's, some of which are in such poor shape that only one of their two prime movers operate, which derates them from 2000 and 2250 to 1200 hp. Possible replacements are reported to be those displaced Long Island C-420's. Finally, Bob reports seeing an eastbound freight on the ex-EL main at Olean with the following units: MP GP-35, L&N U-30C, and an EL GP-35.

IN THE PITTSBURGH area, Bill Plack of 939 Rita Dr., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15221, has seen SP 6545, 6601, 6638, 6641, 6656, 7152, and 9361, as well as Grand Trunk Western 5927 and BAR GP-9 79. Also, a Union Pacific GP-9B that carried a 1500-series number, possibly one of those that Paducah is rebuilding.

Gary L. Strelick, 845R Prospect Ave., Charleroi, Pa. 15022, reports that on the Monongahela branch of Conrail in his area, SP 9365 and 9337, BAR GP-9's 68, 72, and 75, and CR F-7's have been seen lately. Furthermore, PC 4333, an FP-7, ex-PRR, was on the line Jan. 27th and 28th.

THE BROTHERHOOD of Locomotive Engineers is serving Section 6 notices on railroads in the U.S. which call for the establishment of minimum standards for the training of locomotive engineers, reports the *Locomotive Engineer*. The move is in accord with stated positions of its President Carter, who favors less Federal regulation of private matters, in that the position of the BLE is that greater safety can be achieved on the railroads not by Federal regulation, but through a labor-management effort in the areas of railroad operating rules and employee qualifications and training.

Under terms of the BLE proposal, an apprentice locomotive engineer would be selected by the carrier and be subject to a probationary period. The recommended term of apprenticeship is not less than two years—or on railroads where devices such as simulators are used in the training, 18 months. In no case could the period of training be less than 18 months, according to the BLE proposal. Apprentices would be given at least three examinations during their period of training.

ACCORDING to Thomas A. Saxton, 5530 Wheeler Str., Philadelphia, Pa. 19143, B&O was using S-2 and S-4 switchers in the Baltimore area in Nov. and Dec. 1976 as follows: 9147 (Halethorpe job), 9103 (Terminal work extra), 9120 and 9133 and SIRT 9031 as available for duty. In mid-January, all except 9147 were seen stored with stacks capped. 9147 is inside Riverside Shop undergoing repairs.

Tom tells an interesting story. Several years ago, when B&O decided to replace the F-M H-12 and H-10-44's (9700's) on the Curtis Bay drag, the little Alcos were picked for the job, four being brought in from the west. In true B&O fashion, they were worked in on a tonnage drag out of Brunswick, Md. The route was Brunswick-Washington-Baltimore over the Metropolitan subdivision. Helpers shoved the four switchers and their trains out of Brunswick, and they made the run. But they had a devil of a time stopping that drag coming down Takoma Park Hill into Eckington at QN tower, at the northern limits of Washington's huge coach yard.

Tom says the Alcos were used for some months on the Curtis Bay Drag as intended, but frequent breakdown and stalling soon had them relegated to yard duty. John McLemore, second trick operator at CX tower (Howard Street by the North Avenue tunnel in Baltimore) remembers them as sights to behold, with smoke pouring out as they rolled that dead-weight tonnage across town.

THE C&O and the National Transportation Safety Board are at odds concerning recommended slower speeds on C&O rails through the remote New River gorge in West Virginia. Three derailments of Amtrak's *George Whitcomb Riley* and three C&O freight wrecks in six months on the C&O's New River subdivision filled Federal people with the fear of a tragic accident in this remote area.

C&O has asked the FRA for an immediate track inspection, claiming that their trackage is not to blame for the wrecks. Chessie puts the passenger-train blame on the SDP-40F and blames the freight pile-up on the Pullman-Standard PS-4CD covered hopper car, used primarily for grain.

C&O has restricted the SDP-40F to 45 mph and "would not be adverse" to further restrictions, citing the Burlington Northern's recent slowdown of the same model on its lines. Amtrak officials, of course, staunchly defend the big locos, denouncing track conditions. The covered hoppers, however, ride worse at low speeds than they do at a moderate gait, so the proposed 30 mph restriction in the New River gorge could actually cause more freight wrecks where their cars are concerned. We reported B&O's problems with the PS-4CD last month and the possible solution B&O is looking at: less tonnage per car.

The hue and cry about the riding and tracking traits of the SDP-40F is beginning to hit home. Starting with complaints from engineers about rough rides, the SDP-40F fight has progressed through derailments, track damage, restrictions, and actual barring of the units from one railroad's tracks to inspections by FRA, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Amtrak, and the harried builder, EMD.

Modifications to the six-wheel trucks brought a smoother ride in some cases, but the latest series of accidents (on C&O, L&N, and BN) has pointed out that the SDP-40F is tough to handle on curves. Recent articles appeared in *The New York Times,* the *UTU News,* and the *Locomotive Engineer.* The *Times* said both Amtrak and EMD are "perplexed" over the problems which have seen the SDP-40F involved in 14 derailments in three years.

EMD has centered its probe on the central powered axle in the rear truck. It is here, they feel, that the difficulty lies. This more rigid axle tends to turn over rail on curves, especially the trailing truck. Why? Why not on the SD-40, the very popular freight version? Thousands of these are in service, with similar C-C trucks. Is heavier, slower freight work that much different? The new slowdowns, which will admittedly hurt Amtrak schedules, are for the purpose of finding out.

UTU News reports FRA is asking that the speeds on SDP-40F's be lowered from 60 to 40 where track conditions permit. 150 units are involved. However, in a recent issue of *Locomotive Engineer,* a letter from N&W engineer J.W. Cumby, Jr., defends the SDP-40F's he has run for almost two years on the *Mountaineer* through West Virginia and Virginia. He blames all derailments of these units on poor track conditions.

One day he was putting away the 604 when the rail turned over under him. Inspection showed weak ties and lack of maintenance, plus many missing or weak spikes. Cumby says N&W runs the SD-40 and SD-45 freight units at 65 mph on freights and has no trouble, so why not the SDP-40F's with the same trucks?

The old, worn-out E-8 and E-9 units that N&W has been forced to use lately are hazardous to work on, due to much oil and water leaking on the engineroom floors. Why should N&W men be denied the clean, safe SDP-40F's because C&O men decided they were unsafe on C&O track, wonders Cumby.

Flower power. The great forces created by diesel power can have remarkable side effects. This species of flora is, in fact, two carefully potted rail shavings caused by the spinning wheels of a 393,000 lb., 3,000-hp CP Rail engine trying to accelerate up a steep grade in mountain area. The wheel-slip, which causes these rail shavings and heavy track wear has been greatly reduced in recent years by sophisticated monitoring devices and sanding techniques on the runs west of Calgary, Alta.

Nicholas Morant, CP Rail

BALTIMORE & OHIO has been denied permission to abandon its 9-mile Landenberg branch out of New Castle, Del., due primarily to the plight of one receiver of freight, NVF, Inc., and the historic Red Clay Valley Co., operators of the Wilmington & Western RR., which runs steam tourist trips over the branch.

A new outfit called Eastern Shore Railroads aims to take over the Conrail system on the Delmarva Peninsula. The line is held vital to the State of Delaware; and Maryland says it would lose $13 million a year if the lines were abandoned. A private concern taking over the trackage would have to upgrade it as a condition to transfer of ownership. The line would be a profit-making enterprise with subsidies.

THREE MEMBERS of the United Transportation Union have been praised for extinguishing a dangerous fire that had flared up beneath a locomotive on a bridge three miles outside Hodge, La. Fighting the freezing darkness, Hugh N. Humble, Jackie N. Emerson and Burton A. McDonald, grabbed an extinguisher, climbed over one derailed engine and under another and put out the flames, saving three diesel engines, the bridge, and 11 carloads of freight. Also praised was brakeman Kenneth W. Hall, who ran three miles back to Hodge to get a switch engine to pull the train away from the fire.

CONRAIL completed major rehabilitation work on 779 locomotives and 11,916 freight cars last year, exceeding initial goals for its 10-year, $1.9 billion equipment rebuilding program.

"We are now well into the largest total maintenance-of-equipment program ever undertaken by a U.S. railroad," said Richard D. Spence, president and chief operating officer. "More than 20,000 persons are employed in Conrail shops."

The FSP did not project a year-by-year goal for locomotive repair, but the management goal of 710 units approximated 1/10th of the FSP total for the 10-year period. Actually, 69 additional rehabilitated locomotives rolled out of the shops during the nine months.

CP RAIL will reduce the number of cars in its Montreal area commuter fleet effective April 24 as the first phase of a program to eliminate an average annual loss of $2.6 million on the service. The railway will retire 15 self-propelled rail diesel cars from its Montreal-Rigaud route and redesign commuter service around the remaining 49 non-powered coaches and seven locomotives.

A MAJOR surprise reached me in the form of the *Chevron,* official newslet-

ter of the Ontario Northland, sent by Jim Miller, a signal maintainer on that road. The December '76 issue carries a story hard to believe: namely that the ONR has purchased four sets of European-built TEE-1 trains (Trans-European Express) for the Toronto-Timmins-Kapuskasing runs! These are four-unit sets—a diesel power car and three passenger cars, including a diner-coach combination. The new trains are expected to chop two hours off the Toronto-Timmins run. The packaged tour business and higher auto fuel costs in the future are given as the main incentives for the new trains. Good luck to ONR!

ELSEWHERE in Canada, the Dominion Atlantic's seven SW-1200RS switchers (CP 8100 series) were given top billing in the *CP Rail News* for immaculate maintenance. All stay on DAR, except for trips to Angus Shops on parent CP for 5-year overhauls. All seven were built in 1959 and see hard service every day, including gypsum unit trains into Hantsport. After 18 years, even old steam railroaders are starting to accept them.

On CP Rail, S-2's in the news; 6500 and 6508 are back in service. Both may be sent to the Aroostook Valley for possible sale. EMD switchers 6704 and 6709 have been sold to Great Lakes Pulp & Paper in Thunder Bay, Ont. Two RDC-2's, 9108 and 9115 were buried under that 15 feet of snow in Buffalo. CP Rail has been ordered to fully restore service on the Esquimalt & Nanaimo (more than $2 million is needed to repair two bridges there).

The C&NW approached CP for an RDC to convert into a test car, but none were available, so C&NW now has New Haven 130 (RDC-3). Is it true that the Long Island has leased Quebec, North Shore & Labrador Geeps 117, 136, and 172?—also three ex-Florida East Coast Geeps, 1505-1507—from Precision? Butte, Anaconda & Pacific electrics 201 and 202 (GE, 1957), were moved from Emerson, Man., to Montreal. Possible commuter use? CN 4-8-2 No. 6060 was sent from Toronto to Montreal the other day for repairs.

We reported CP 1400 as wrecked (Feb. issue), but Martin DuVal, 713-43rd Ave., La Salle, Que., Canada, saw her operating as a trailing unit on the westbound *Canadian* (Train No. 1) on January 16th. Obviously, the damage wasn't bad enough for retirement.

A NEW RAILROAD has applied for operating rights: The Castle Valley, which will be 93.4 miles long, connecting with the Rio Grande at Wellington, Utah, and with the Utah Railway at Wildcat, Utah, running from a coal mine south of Emery, Utah. Obviously, the Castle Valley will be built to handle coal in this remote and inaccessible region.

Santa Fe this year is spending $87 million for 2531 new and rebuilt freight cars and 115 rebuilt locomotives. Locos are being rebuilt at Cleburne, Texas (81 units) and at San Bernardino, Calif. (34 units).

WE ASKED for information on a fire on Amtrak E-60CP No. 975 at Aberdeen, Md. According to Bob Janssen, 2700 Joppa Rd., Baltimore, Md. 21234, Amtrak's first scheduled southbound stop at Aberdeen was marred by fire aboard the locomotive, E-60CP No. 975. The engineer said he had smelled smoke in Elkton, when he reached Aberdeen the smoke was too heavy to continue. He stopped north of the station. Power was cut off and tied up the Conrail main for an hour.

It was three hours before fireman could board the loco, as Amtrak and Conrail officials had to ground the unit. The fire was finally put out, the passengers were transferred, and the stricken unit was towed away.

B&O KICKED OFF the celebration of its 150th year with a banquet on Feb. 28th at its museum in Baltimore. John Kunis of Cumberland reports that a steam special will leave Washington, D.C., at 5 p.m. with brass collars aboard from all over the system. It's rumored that B&O will lease Reading 4-8-4 No. 2101 for this and other trips system-wide in 1977. That's the Freedom Train's "Eastern engine," which ran as AFTX No. 1 in 1975-'76.

I HAVE IT on pretty good authority that the Southern has bought or leased Texas & Pacific 2-10-4 No. 610 and will operate her this summer! In fact, we are supposed to get her here in my home city of Cincinnati the last of June. That's Lima super-power at its best. Southern, are you serious?

BOB KYLE, 504 Pike St., St. Marys, W. Va., (a town in which the railroad runs right down Main Street, in this case B&O) works at Pleasant Power station (Allegheny Power) just north of Parkersburg, W. Va., on the B&O. Bob sighted one of the three B&O GP-40-2's with the experimental strobe warning light system in action. This system sounds the horn, rings the bell, and activates high-intensity strobe lights on the cab roof at dangerous crossings.

I have seen it on 4147 and 4148, and I think the other unit is 4146. Never saw it in action, though. Bob still spots a very few Western Maryland F-units (F-7's, rebuilt F-3's) on B&O freights in his area. Power used at Pleasant power station is ex-B&O Alco S-2 No. 9098, in poor shape, used for stand-by.

The regular engine is ex-WM S-6 No. 151, one of Western Maryland's only two such units. She was reconditioned at Cumberland. Two smaller locos are a GE 80-tonner and a 1914 Plymouth which is out of service. Bob says the plant is expecting a new 144-ton GE remote-controlled switcher in March '78. She'll be used for rotary-dump car switching.

AMTRAK extended until mid-April its lease on a Swedish electric locomotive. The manufacturer, ASEA, agreed to let Amtrak use the engine for an additional two months beyond the original six-month lease period.

Amtrak officials said that the lightweight loco has performed with great reliability during the cold weather, hauling trains of up to eight cars at Metroliner speeds between New York and Washington. It weighs less than half as much as comparable U.S.-built ones and is being tested to determine if its advanced features can be incorporated into future Amtrak engines.

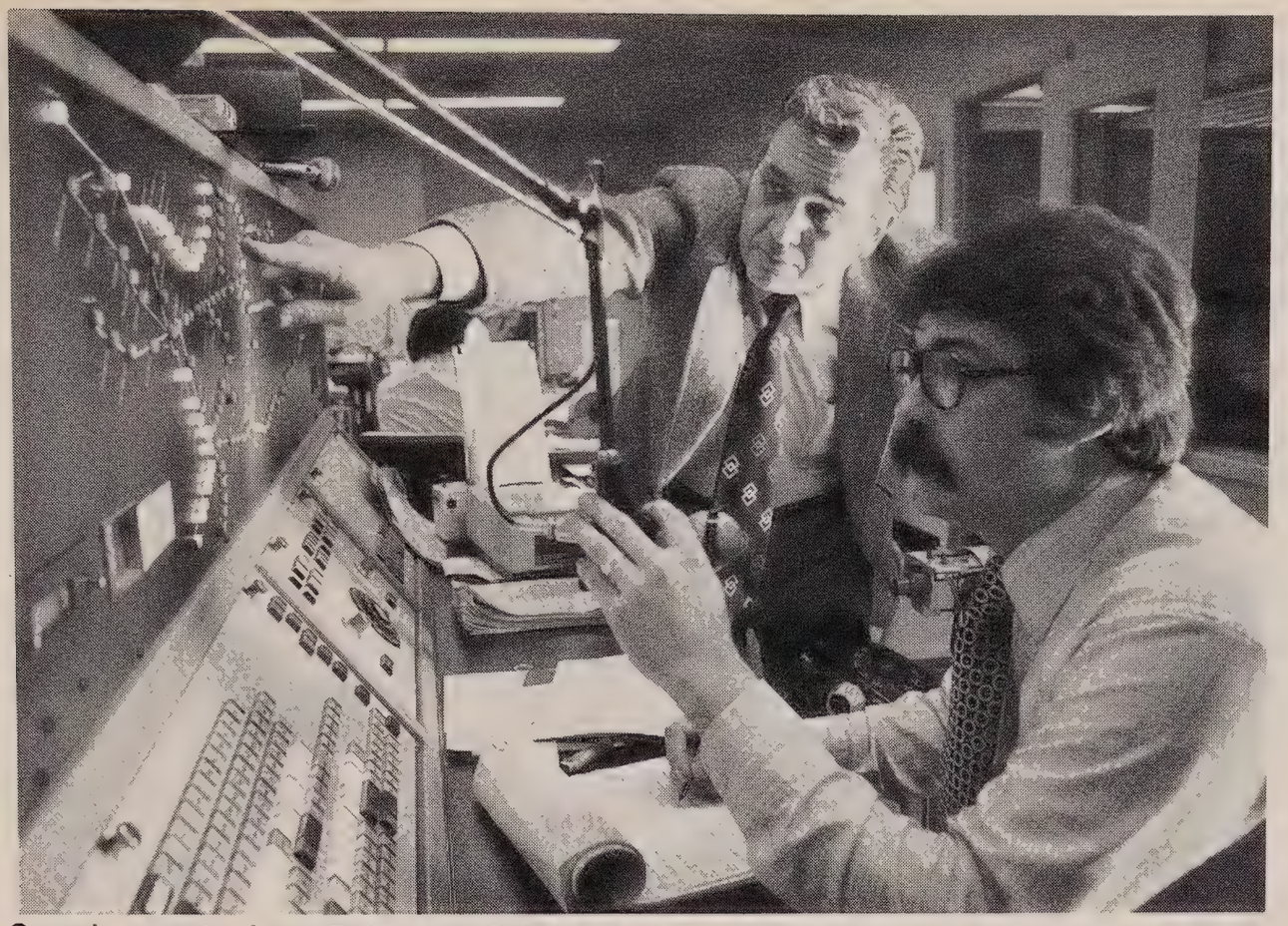
In July, 1975, GE produced an entirely new model for Amtrak, the passenger-only P-30CH. Breaking that down, the "P" means "passenger," "30" stands for 3000 hp, "C" denotes six axles (C-C wheel arrangement) and "H" means the units are equipped with "head-end power" (HEP) for train heat, light and cooling.

The units are 72 feet, 4 inches long and weigh 198 tons. They are of the "streamlined" or "covered wagon" body style, with an almost flat nose. The roof is angled sharply to a high centerline, and the sides are virtually smooth (as are all GE models), except for the large intake just above the rear truck. The loco is built to be operated cab first.

The other end of the loco is extremely flat, with two large vertical intake grids supplying air to the HEP generator. The general outline of the unit resembles a loaf of bread. Trucks are Adirondack C-C, as on six-motor freight models. There are no handrails on front or sides, but two rails on the rear platform; 25 units (Amtrak 700-724) were built. They are used (normally singly) on light, short-to-medium distance trains.

The Washington-Cincinnati *Shenandoah* uses the P-30CH, as does the Washington-Cumberland Potomac Valley service. Others operate out of Chicago. These are counterparts of the newer (1976) EMD F-40PH's, which are also 3000 hp but ride on B-B trucks, and are both smaller and lighter than the GE's.

CONTINUE sending diesel news to Jim Edmonston, 821 Clearfield Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45240.



Console operator Larry Ballweg, of Babylon, N.Y., and boss, William J. Allen, confer on an announcement to be relayed to LIRR stations along route indicated by lighted sections on panel. From here, info about delays or changing weather conditions is passed on to stations and trains.

Communications, Metropolitan Transportation Authority

Nerve Center of Long Island Rail Road

THE COLDEST nights of winter, the hottest afternoons of summer, and the gentle days between mean many things to many people, but for the specialists at the "nerve center" of the Long Island Rail Road, each day of every season demands the same intense concentration.

"Everything that pertains to the direct operation of the railroad is centered here in the Movement Bureau," William J. Allen, assistant superintendent for train movement, said one day last winter at the line's headquarters at snow-swept Jamaica Station.

The reason why it's important is because the three, seven-member crews who man the bureau on an around-the-clock basis have prime responsibility for seeing that 250,000 daily riders get to their destinations on time, which means keeping track of over 715 regular trains and 125 equipment trains that run each day.

"An awful lot goes on in this part of the building," Mr. Allen explained as he entered room 204. "We have a chief train dispatcher and his assistant over there at the middle desks, a public address console operator near the door, and four train dispatchers, each in their own sectioned-off work area."

From those locations, the crews perform a vast array of tasks that include:

(1) Expediting the movement of all trains (whether regularly scheduled or assigned to extra service) to allow maintenance personnel to handle repairs or to do preventive work.

(2) Shifting traffic from one track to another in order to minimize delays when a unit is disabled.

(3) Advising the public quickly of any disruptions in service. Information is passed on to commuters through announcements relayed to radio stations and made over train and station public address systems.

(4) Securing surface transportation, police, and medical assistance when and where needed.

(5) Reassigning crews and equipment as conditions warrant.

Besides other duties, the bureau is directly responsible for the 25 block stations whose operators control the switches along the way. Each operator reports in as trains travel past his station.

"Even though the public doesn't get to see how the bureau does its job, it must be reassuring for our passengers to know that detailed logs are kept of everything that takes place in a given day," Mr. Allen said. "That provides us with an overall picture of the system. When improvements are indicated, they can be made immediately." ●

IN SEARCH OF STEAM

Mike Eagleson

AMERICAN FREEDOM TRAIN'S ex-Southern Pacific 4-8-4 No. 4449 made a spectacular 3-day, one-way move from Miami to Birmingham on January 14-16th. She headed regular-service Amtrak trains without any diesel power. The run was poorly advertised however, and suffered from lack of patronage.

Picture the surprise of little old ladies waiting trackside with baggage for a scheduled Amtrak passenger train as the Daylight stomps into the station. Fans tell me that the weather was poor Friday and early Saturday, but Sunday was brilliant for serious photography. The steam engine ran well into the 70-mph range, made frequent stops, and gave fine smoke displays for the faithful camera bugs. Then she spent the rest of the winter in Birmingham.

Much conjecture has arisen over the route and schedule of the Daylight's return to her owner, the City of Portland. As we go to press, a fantrip might take place out of Birmingham before she plies her way back to Portland.

In addition, the following *tentative* schedule was released Feb. 4th by Ted Lemen, V.P. Special Events for the Twentieth Century Railroad Club, P.O. Box A3258, Chicago 60690. The Transcontinental Steam Excursion from Birmingham to Portland will take place from April 13 through May 1st. At this writing, all dates and movements seem firm but are subject to change without notice and are provided as information only, not for ordering tickets. Amtrak will issue a printed schedule and trip flyers nearer to the operating date.

April 13—Birmingham to Jackson, Miss. via ICG (tentative); 14—Jackson to New Orleans via ICG (tentative); 15—layover in New Orleans; 16—New Orleans to Houston via SP (SP for remainder of trip); 17—Houston to San Antonio; 18—layover in San Antonio; 19—San Antonio to Sanderson; 20—Sanderson to El Paso; 21—layover in El Paso; 22—El Paso to Tucson; 23—Tucson to Yuma; 24—Yuma to Los Angeles; 25—layover in Los Angeles; 26—Los Angeles to San Luis Obispo; 27—San Luis Obispo to San Francisco (if possible, train at 4th & Townsend, otherwise Oakland. Possibility of deadhead 10 p.m. trip to Oakland.); 28—layover in Bay area (location uncertain); 29—Bay area to Dunsmuir via freight-only line to Sacramento, Roseville, Marysville, Chico, billed as high point of trip; 30—Dunsmuir to Eugene; May 1—entry to Portland about 2 p.m. on Amtrak's sixth anniversary.

These one-way trips will feature stationary photo stops at scenic locations selected by a knowledgeable former railroad PR man to coincide with hotbox detector stops. Flyers will be available through Amtrak's Washington headquarters. The future of additional trips of this kind depends on strong railfan patronage, not upon train-chasers.

Many discussions have taken place about the future of this mainline machine. Some want her to retain her American Freedom Train colors, while others, myself included, would like to see her painted in her old Daylight markings—*even just for one trip, with removeable water base paint.*

According to a flyer I received from the Transportation and Logging Museum, Inc. 19359 View Drive, West Linn, Ore. 97068, "the Museum is a non-profit corporation, established to provide one protected place where all types of historical transportation and logging equipment may be viewed by the general public. Whenever possible, the equipment displayed by the Museum will be restored to operating condition and run on special occasions. The star attraction will be the undisputed Bicentennial Queen, ex-SP 4449, the steam locomotive of the internationally famous American Freedom Train."

ON FEBRUARY 12TH, Morris County Central Railroad at Newfoundland, N.J., operated its annual Snowflake Special to Beaver Lake. Although originally billed to be powered by 0-6-0 No. 4039, faithful 2-8-0 No. 385 did the honors instead. Near-zero temperature subsided long enough that day to provide a comfortable winter outing with steam in the snow. The MCC runs during summer months over former New York, Susquehanna & Western trackage in scenic northern New Jersey. It is one of the better tourist steam railroads.

THEN on February 19-20th, the East Broad Top operated its 11th annual Winter Spectacular at Orbisonia, Pa. Two engines ran. For the first time, a steam helper pushed some trains for a variation in picture possibilities. The EBT is unique among narrow-gage steam roads today in that during its more than 100-year history only a four-year period, mid 1956 through early 1960, were no trains. Slopeback-tendered, standard-gage 0-6-0 No. 3 is believed to be still for sale at Mt. Union. Sister 0-6-0 No. 6 operates in summer on the Whitewater Valley in Indiana.

MY PHOTO of ex-Norfolk & Western 4-8-0 No. 475 at Holsopple, Pa., in February *Railroad,* page 42, has caused excitement among steam fans. Some want to assist the owner in restoring her to operating condition for fantrips. Others would like to make him a cash offer.

One West Virginia enthusiast tells me that he met the owner, Mr. Armagost, who was working on the rare M class at the time. Mr. Armagost informed the friendly trespassing railfan that he had bought the 4-8-0 from a Roanoke scrapyard many years ago and has since been working in spare time to restore her. Until recently, the locomotive was nearly operable, and he kept the bearings from freezing by moving her every week with a cable attached to his station wagon. This 4-8-0 would make an excellent excursion locomotive and I don't believe would require much work to be made operable.

UNLESS the job has already been filled before you read these words, Steamtown Foundation has a full-time opening for someone who can qualify as an expert mechanic on steam locomotives. He will get a good salary and full working benefits. Write to Robert Barbara, Managing Director, Steamtown Foundation, P.O. Box 71, Bellows Falls, Vt. 05101.

THIS SPRING the Montana Central will begin passenger service with a refurbished coalburning Prairie type (Baldwin, 1920) which King Wilson, president of the road, bought in Virginia. He has also purchased a third passenger coach from Carl Selzer, Cascade County assessor and railbuff of Great Falls. This coach was built in Dayton, Ohio, a century ago and was donated to Selzer's railroad collection by the Great Northern in 1960. It once served as a "drover" coach to transport cowboys in charge of cattle trains. The Montana Central is a subsidiary of the White Sulphur Springs & Yellowstone Park Railroad, with headquarters in White Sulphur Springs, Mont., and a turnaround at Ringling, on the Milwaukee Road north of Livingston. The MC says it can accommodate at least 250 passengers on its 46-mile round trip. This news comes from Donald Redmond, Rte. 2, Box 342, Bozeman, Montana.

A BRITISH COLUMBIA train will tour western United States for about 40 days, beginning this April, reports Provincial Secretary Grace McCarthy.

Staffed by volunteers selected by the B.C. Tourist Advisory Council, the trip will cost about $140,000, but is expected to provide millions of dollars of advertising and tourist revenue. Powered by ex-Canadian Pacific 4-6-4 No. 2860, the train will run to San Francisco, coast route to Los Angeles, Santa Fe to San Diego, Cajon Pass, Barstow, Mojave, Techachapi Loop, San Joaquin Valley, then back on the SP to Portland, and over the BN to Vancouver.

The Royal Hudson class steam locomotive makes regular summer sight-seeing trips between North Vancouver and Squamish at the head of Howe Sound in Canada.

MY GOOD FRIEND James A. Bistline of the Southern Railway System spoke on "Ten Years of Southern Steam Excursions" at the North Alabama Railroad Club's annual banquet on April 1st. He served as assistant to W. Graham Claytor, Jr., one of this magazine's *Interesting Railfans,* when Claytor was chairman and chief executive officer of the Southern. Now, as we all know, Claytor is Secretary of the Navy in President Carter's Cabinet.

JAPAN recently stopped using steam in regular rail service. However, the Japanese National Railways have kept about five steam locos operable for fantrips. On one tour with a C57-class Pacific, an 11-year-old boy was hit and killed while trying to photograph the engine, as I mentioned a few months back. This caused public outcry against the JNR for alleged negligence in guarding against accidents and cast a damper on plans for other fantrips. A railway spokesman said that since they could not guarantee against a repeat occurrence, all future steam trips were out. Steamfans rebelled and submitted petitions with more than 8,000 names urging the return of steam. So JNR will maintain steam for excursions for about two more years.

THE MID-CONTINENT RAILWAY MUSEUM at North Freedom, Wisc., has postponed for the time being the rebuilding of ex-Union Pacific 2-8-0 No. 440, I learn from my friend Jeff Haertlein, an *Interesting Railfan* on the Museum staff. Due to declining passenger ticket sales, existing money is needed to maintain the road's already operable locomotives and can't be spared for restoring others. This situation is unfortunate. I have often publicly applauded Mid-Continent as an outstanding museum for historically accurate restoration. The fellows there would do an excellent job of returning the Class I steamer to operation and lettering her "Union Pacific."

Italian State Rys. Mogul No. 038 in northern Italy on May 28, 1975.
Mario Balma, Corso Aurelio Saffi, 1A/14, 16128, Genoa, Italy

EX-PERE MARQUETTE 2-8-4 No. 1223, long displayed at the Michigan State Fairgrounds in Detroit, has been donated to the "Friends of 1223" for restoration. She will be moved to a location on Woodward Avenue in Detroit. Sister 2-8-4 No. 1225 is still being restored by the Michigan State University Railroad Club at East Lansing. Recently, her superheater tubes were removed and tested to 900 psi. The locomotive possibly could be ready to run this year; but I have heard nothing yet about finding a permanent indoor storage for the Berkshire or about any road willing to use her on excursions.

MR. LYNN A. KATZENBERG, 633 W. Lichigan St., Milwaukee, Wisc. 53203, wants to hear from any group wishing to start steam passenger or freight service on the Chicago & North Western's Lake Geneva branch in southern Wisconsin. The line is located in the state's second largest tourist area.

"AFTER the great success of the 34-engine fireup in Great Britain on August 31, 1975, as told in *Railroad Magazine,* April '76, to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the world's first railway, why couldn't a group be formed in the United States to do somewhat the same thing for our railroads?" asks G.L. McNally, 7117 Geary Blvd., San Francisco 94121. One suggestion for a catchy name for such an undertaking is OP RAIL, taking a cue from the sailing ship spectacle OP SAIL on July 4th last year in New York City.

BRAZIL'S famed railway of death, the Madeira-Mamore, seems to have ceased operations. Built in 1907 by 22,000 workers from around the world, many of whom had been employed on the Panama Canal and earned an average of 85¢ a day. The line ran 226 miles along two giant tributaries of the Amazon. Headquarters were in Porto Velho, where the old passenger station now houses a railroad museum. Nearby the old roundhouse lie several Baldwin 2-6-0's, some still showing blue paint visible despite the rust. The last steam run there occurred around 1972. *Railroad Magazine* published illustrated features on the Madeira-Mamore in Aug. '33, May '53, and Aug. '63.

LOCOMOTIVE QUARTERLY, 80 pages, 11x8½", soft cover, color on covers and some inside pages, photos, other illustrations, Metaphor, Inc., P.O. Box 288, Homewood, Illinois 60430. $20 per year (4 issues).

This new series of quarterly issues devoted to great steam locomotives has just been released. So far, I have examined the first two issues. The content and presentation are high quality. A good blend of steam power representing all geographical areas of the United States is included in classical rods-down portraits and some action views. Occasional color photos and paintings enliven the total effect. The text is kept rather short to allow for larger photographic reproductions. Issue I features L&N, Wabash, and CNJ as well as the flawless locomotive portraits by Robert J. Foster. Issue II covers SP, Colorado Midland, NKP, feedwater heaters, and the camera work of a great southern photographer, Frank Ardrey. This quarterly is a "must" for serious steam fans. I am looking forward to future issues.

SEND steam news to Mike Eagleson, 37 Edgemere Avenue, Mt. Arlington, N.J. 07856. ●

STEVE MAGUIRE'S

TRANSIT TOPICS

Seashore's sweeper S-31 at Mattapan, Mass., used by MBTA last winter.
Norton D. Clark, 21 Endicott St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

INCREASING good news on the Light Rail Vehicle convinces us that its day has finally arrived and that the last of the older PCC's, which gave great service for many years, may be retired in the not-too-distant future. We've already reported the start of LRV operation in Boston, Mass., and the likelihood that by the end of this year some of the new equipment will be running also on San Francisco's famous Municipal Railway.

Money is pouring in. The U.S. Department of Transportation has just made a capital grant of $55 million to the Greater Cleveland Regional Transit Authority to help buy 55 or 60 LRV's for the Shaker Heights Division of RTA, in addition to 20 new ordinary rapid transit cars and some new air-conditioned buses.

This grant complements the one made to Cleveland on December 22nd for building one of the four downtown people-movers sponsored by the Urban Mass Transportation Company. Thus Cleveland becomes the only one of the quartet of UMTA demonstration sites where a people-mover will be added to a conventional rapid transit system.

Next in line for Federal grants may be the subway of Newark, N.J., which operates thirty PCC's on its route into the downtown Conrail station. The City, which owns the line, recently applied to UMTA for nearly $13 million of help in buying fifteen new LRV's and for repairs to the line, shops, stations, and signal system.

Another Federal grant involves $240 million to the City of Philadelphia to assist in building the long-proposed Center City Tunnel. This tunnel, 1.8 miles long, will connect Suburban Station, and a new underground Reading Terminal depot in downtown Philadelphia, with the existing Reading Railroad's elevated track. It will serve to interconnect the region's 5000-mile commuter rail network and greatly expand long-range ridership capability. UMTA has awarded over $112 million to Washington Metropolitan Transit Authority for continued construction activities on the Metro rapid transit line now being built in the District of Columbia area. The unusual part of this grant is that it comes from funds originally designated for portions of interstate highways I-95 and I-270 within the District. An earlier withdrawal of highway funds in 1975, totaling $286 million, also had been transferred to Metro for subway construction.

Still another recent Federal grant is $78 million for operating expenses of the subway and bus systems of New York's Metropolitan Transportation Authority. This Authority runs nearly 7,000 rail cars and about 2,500 buses, carrying nearly 1.5 billion passengers a year. In addition, the Manhattan and Bronx Surface Transit Authority operates 2,500 buses, transporting nearly 350 million riders a year.

CHICAGO may follow the example of Cleveland and possibly Washington, D.C., in being the next city to provide a direct rapid transit line to its airport. This we learn from Steve Scalzo, Park Forest, Ill., who tells us that city, state, and Federal authorities have agreed to supply $217 million in aid to the Chicago Transit Authority and Regional Transportation Authority, of which $110 million will pay for extension of the Milwaukee (Kennedy) rapid transit line to O'Hare Airport.

Additional grants include $103.5 million for capital expenses and $3.5 million for engineering and environmental work on the planned Franklin Street subway line. Most of the money will come from funds originally promised for the proposed north leg of the Crosstown Expressway, which will not be built. Under legislation passed by Congress a few years ago, it is now possible to use highway funds for rapid transit purposes. This lets the money go toward the O'Hare extension.

ELECTRIC TROLLEYS were used as ambulance cars at St. Louis in 1895. Who can supply details or lend us a picture for publication?

IN AN EFFORT to cut damage claims against the city, San Francisco's Municipal Railway has imposed new regulations. No longer are cable-car riders allowed to jump on or off moving cars. The cable cars have been having a rough time in traffic recently competing with motor traffic.

Also, "Muni" says: "Riding on the running board is not recommended. Stand clear of the gripman. When he has to let go of the cable, he can't take time to say excuse me. Do not touch bell signal cords. Wearing of back packs, bed rolls, baby carriers is not permitted."

ONCE AGAIN, Seashore Trolley Museum of Kennebunkport, Maine, has come to the aid of the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority's trolley lines at Boston, writes Norton Clark, 21 Endicott St., Newton Highlands, Mass. With the heavy snows of last winter, MBTA needed a snow-sweeper for its Ashmont-Mattapan line. Where else to look for such an otherwise-outmoded piece of equipment than the museum at Kennebunkport?

Answering the request, Seashore shipped its sweeper S-31 to Boston, where it quickly went into service. This double-trucked sweeper was built in 1920 and served Boston until 1935, when it was sold to the Third Avenue Ry. System in New York. Later it was sold to Toronto Transit, and when TTC disposed of many sweepers a few years ago, Seashore bought it.

CALIFORNIA Railway Museum, located at Rio Vista Jct. in Solano County, has obtained the body of former Pacific Gas & Electric Co. Birney car 41, which it expects to restore and place in service, according to its monthly *Bay Area Electric Railroad Review.*

This was one of the earliest Birneys to be built, dating to 1917. In its later years the car was demotorized and stripped of some parts sold for wartime use in eastern Canada. Unlike most Birneys, No. 41 has seven win-

A streetcar rumbles through Quebec City in this photo taken by Seymour D. Balkin in early 1940's.
Collection of Marc S. Balkin

dows, instead of eight, on the side and only one trolley pole. The Museum needed a Birney truck to put under the car so it could eventually be operated. Such trucks are very hard to find anymore. We wonder where CRM discovered one.

South Shore Blues

COMMUTERS threatened with the loss of passenger service on the South Shore Line were told that another carrier, Greyhound Bus Lines, wants their business. The disclosure was before the Interstate Commerce Commission at a public hearing in Michigan City, Ind., on the South Shore's request to end commuter service.

Robert J. Wallace, Greyhound's regional director for sales development in Chicago, said the firm has enough buses and drivers to accommodate the more than 6,000 persons who now ride the familiar orange cars between South Bend and Chicago. But several strings were attached to Wallace's offer. A groan went up from commuters at the hearing when they heard the first one: It would cost them double to ride Greyhound!

The South Shore Line was accused of having mounted for years a campaign to discourage, rather than attract, passengers for its service between South Bend and Chicago. Asserting that the line "has failed to provide for improvements to its passenger service since 1951," Congressman Adam Benjamin Jr. (D-Ind.) said many northwest Indiana residents believe the South Shore has wanted passenger traffic to dwindle away so it could drop the service.

A million dollars worth of repairs would be needed to extend the life of the company's aged passenger cars for only three years, John Vollmar, a structural engineer, testified. He branded such an expenditure as economically foolish in the light of operating losses he said exceeding $200,000 a month.

News of the Subways

THE PRESENT decade is marked by a subway-building boom in Latin America, according to the magazine *U.S. News & World Report.* "Billions of dollars are earmarked for construction of new and expanded rapid transit networks in Mexico, Venezuela, Brazil, Chile, and Argentina." the magazine says, "while subway systems also are on the drawing boards in Peru, Columbia, and Ecuador. Behind the boom: mushrooming populations in overcrowded cities and rising costs of imported gasoline and diesel fuel—plus increased private ownership of automobiles that trigger paralyzing traffic jams."

In Mexico City, the government is doubling the length of its subway system to 54 miles. Water seepage is the biggest problem of such construction in Rio de Janeiro because much of Rio was built on reclaimed waterfront land. Target date for opening the first 5.2 miles of line there, 1979, seems very unrealistic. Elsewhere in Brazil, 12.5 miles of Sao Paulo subway are in service. Eventual total mileage is projected at 39.6. And in Argentina, the British-built *subterraneo,* 21 miles, is already carrying 250 million riders a year. But a runaway budget blocks expansion.

U.S. News & World Report also tells us that a projected 30-mile underground in Caracas, Venezuela, begun in 1973, was stopped dead for three years for a lack of money, but work resumed early in 1976. Santiago, Chile, which opened 6.6 miles of subway in 1975, is aiming at a total of 53.4 miles during the next decade. The world's highest national capital, Lima, Peru, was to have started work on a subway system in 1970, but digging has not yet begun, due to low copper prices, copper being Chile's main export, and the high cost of imported petroleum. Botota, Colombia, and Quito, Ecuador, are seriously considering subway plans but can't afford them now.

WITH EACH daily blast of dynamite dozens of feet below elegant East 63d Street between Park and Third avenues in New York City, another forward step is taken toward the completion of the controversial $700 million Manhattan-Queens subway line. Above ground, a tailor suffers a nervous breakdown, a florist goes broke, a shop clerk is let go for lack of work.

If it is a cliche that those who line the random path of progess will inevitably suffer stress and disruption, it is of no comfort to the residents and merchants involved.

The incoming 63d Street station, with entrances to be built at Lexington and Third avenues, is just one small part of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority's projected 11-mile subway line that will one day travel from Jamaico, Queens, to Central Park, with a stopover at Roosevelt Island. The station should take about another four years to complete. The whole line will be done in perhaps ten years. So says Beverly Solochek in *The New York Times.*

THE KINGS OF FRANCE are now but a subway hop from Paris, since the capital's northern suburb of St. Denis was recently linked to center city by Metro. Exiting on the square in front of the famous 12th century Gothic basilica, the new Metro stop adds St. Denis to any historic tour of Paris.

The cathedral, celebrated for exquisite stained-glass, houses the tombs of the French kings and queens, including Clovis, Saint Louis, Charles V, Francois I, and Catherine de Medicis.

The church itself a landmark in religious architecture, inspired many cathedrals, notably Chartres. Still, the 79 effigies of France's royalty, including some Renaissance sculptural masterpieces, are the focus for visitors. This fascinating picture of history is just a 30-cent subway ride from the center of Paris.

New Electric Publications

Troy & New England Railway Co., 1895-1925, by Charles Viens and Sanford Young, 64 pages, 8½x11", soft cover. Available from S.G. Young, Box 57 Orient Ave., Averill Park, N.Y. 12018. This is mainly a picture-story of a small trolley line that ran out of Albany, N.Y., for 9 miles to Averill Park. All of its equipment was single-trucked, both open and closed cars. It also had a little wooden-bodied, freight motor. The book has many photos, interspersed with a brief history of the line and the general area.

Johannesburg Tramways, by the late Anthony Spit, 137 pages, 6x9", hard cover. Available from Publications Officer, LRTL, 13a The Precinct, Broxbourne, Herts., EN10 7HY England, priced at 4 pounds, British currency. Complete with text, maps, and many photos, this book covers the Johannesburg, South Africa, transit system from the first horsecars of 1891 in a city developing from a group of mining camps. The Boer War, pitting the British against the Dutch in the Transvaal province, temporarily ended the car line. The horses were requisitioned, the depot was taken for a barracks, and until 1902 rail service was disrupted. Trolleys began in 1906 and vanished in 1961, but trolley-buses continued until 1972. This book tells the whole story.

Cambria's Trolleys, by Ben Rohrbeck, 87 pages 6x9", spiral bound, is a concise coverage of the Southern Cambria Railway and four smaller lines in a county of western Pennsylvania. The four are the Northern Cambria Ry., the Johnstown & Somerset, the Penn Central, and the Cambria & Indiana that had two miles of overhead to assist battery cars on grades. There are many photos and the rosters of each company. We covered these lines in articles in our April and May, 1948, departments but briefly. Those issues are now out of print. The book is available for $6 from the author at 1003 N. Chester Rd., West Chester, Pa. 19380.

Readers interested in trolley-buses may like the magazine *Trolley Coach News,* published by the North American Trackless Trolley Assn., 1042 Bardstown Rd., Louisville, Ky. 40204. Copies that usually average about 40 pages sell for $3.50 each. Each includes news, photos, and historical data. TCN offers some extra copies of its Fall-Winter '65 issue for $2 each. Also some Spring '65 issues, but with a few pages missing, for $1 each.

Those interested in public transit may enjoy major publications of the N.D. Lea Transportation Research Corp., 123 Green St., Huntsville, Ala. 35801, which have been issued regularly for years. Annual subscription, $55.

April '76 issue of *Railway Monograph History* contains the second and final portion of a listing of all funicular railways in North America, begun in the previous issue. It also carries a bibliography of reference books and articles on the subject of the steam locomotives published in recent years. These Monographs average 25 pages and are available from J-B Publishing Co., 430 Ivy Ave., Crete, Nebr. 68333, for $2 each or a four-issue Volume for $4.

SEND transit news to Steve Maguire, P.O. Box 51, Belmar, N.J. 07718. ●

Wreck on the Detroit, Jackson & Chicago Ry. (Detroit United Rys.) on March 11, 1928, one-quarter mile west of Wayne, Mich. Car 7792 east ran thru a switch a half mile back where he had orders to meet 7063 westbound. Luckily, no one was injured. No. 7792, left, rammed 7063.

INFORMATION BOOTH

ASK BARBARA: **Railroad questions are answered here—as many as space permits. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. No questions will be answered by mail or telephone.**

1. The Chessie System operates numerous "run-through" trains. Why so called?

Chessie has about 30 of them. Unlike ordinary freight trains, they do not stop at the end of Chessie's lines. Instead, they halt briefly to pick up a connecting line's crew and then continue on, loco and all, for the rest of their journey. Hence the name. Chessie run-throughs late in '76 operated from Toronto to Atlanta, from Chicago to Montreal, even coast-to-coast. The connecting railroads have the same arrangement with Chessie. That's why railfans spotting an Espee engine in Cumberland, Md., for example, shouldn't have to wonder about this unfamiliar sight in B&O country.

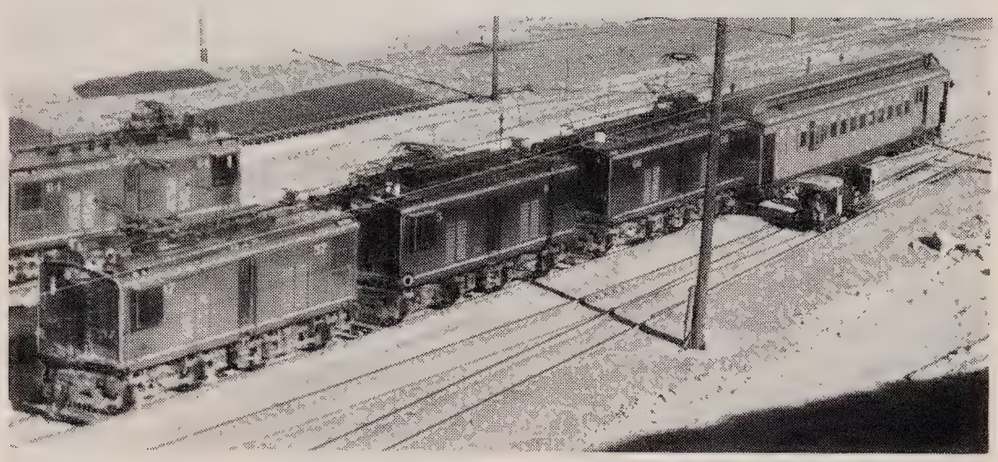
A new Chessie run-through began operating around the first of this year in cooperation with the Seaboard Coast Line and the Clinchfield R.R. It links Savannah, Ga., on the SCL, with Russell, Ky., a major Chessie classification point, where other Chessie trains pick up the cars for final delivery. Running time will be shortened by 12 to 24 hours between such important markets as Chicago, Detroit, and Saginaw, and Tampa, Miami, etc.

2. Tell me about the Butte, Anaconda & Pacific.

Controlled by the Anaconda Co., it operates a freight-only line, 31.9 miles, between Butte and Brown, Mont., connecting with the Burlington Northern, Milwaukee, and Union Pacific. The BA&P was chartered Oct. 1, 1892, to build a line from the copper mines at Butte to the reduction works at Anaconda. It was electrified in 1913 and dieselized about 1969. The last we heard, it has 8 EMD locos and 760 freight cars.

3. Name the eight Canadian-built steam locos of Nova Scotia's Sydney & Louisburg Ry.

Montreal Locomotive Works built Moguls Nos. 15 in 1911, 45 in 1925, and 82 in 1928; Consolidation 57 in 1911, and Mikes numbered 70 in 1925 and 71 in 1928. Nos. 80 and 81 were six-wheel yard goats built in 1927. Mogul 45 was originally a 2-6-4, rebuilt in company shop as 2-6-0. The other 20 locomotives built for the S&L were spread between American, Lima, and Baldwin.



Butte, Anaconda & Pacific action at East Anaconda yard about 1950.

Photograph by Donald Sims

4. What early diesel power hauled the California Zephyr?

Primarily EMD-General Motors locos. Western Pacific inaugurated the train with F3's, run in A-B-B configuration, says *CZ* expert Karl L.R. Zimmermann. Three sets for passenger service, Nos. 801, 802, and 803, with the number of each unit in a set bearing the suffix A, B, or C, had been bought in 1947 and placed on *The Exposition Flyer.* A fourth F3A, acquired in 1948, was designated 801D. Later, four FP7A's and three passenger F7B's joined the WP roster.

CB&Q also initially assigned F3's to *CZ,* having purchased three A-B-A sets, 9960, 9961, and 9962, for this purpose in late 1947. Although F's were basically a freight design, other roads also were buying F3's for passenger service. New E's soon replaced the Burlington F's, and E's headed the Chicago-Denver portion to the end of the operation.

The D&RGW in 1947 bought four Alco PA's and two corresponding PB units, which were coupled into A-B-A sets numbered 600 and 601. Although bought for *California Zephyr* service, they were used on *The Exposition Flyer* prior to hauling *CZ.*

5. I am an extra-board employee on the Rock. Can I receive unemployment benefits between jobs?

Yes, but only if the miles and/or hours you actually worked were less than normal full-time work in your class of service.

6. Name the railroads and trains that used Dallas Union Terminal about 60 years ago.

Burt Blanton, ed. of Southwest RR Hist. Society newsletter, *The Clearance Card,* says that in 1916 DUT was served by Chicago, Rock Island & Gulf; Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe; Houston & Texas Central; Missouri, Kansas & Texas; St. Louis & San Francisco; St. Louis Southwestern; Texas & New Orleans, and Texas & Pacific.

There were ten daily trains, north and southbound. The CRI&G had *The Firefly* and *Mid-Continent Special; St. Louis Limited, St. Louis Express, Texas Limited, Texas Mail,* and *North Texas Mail* on the GC&SF; *The Owl* served the H&TC; while MKT had the *Katy Flyer, St. Louis Express, Kansas City Express, Texas Express,* and *Oklahoma-Texas Express.* The *Oil Fields Special* was on the Frisco. The Cotton Belt had *The Lone Star Limited,* while T&P operated the *Sunshine Special, Louisiana Limited, Calif. Express, Night Express, North Texas Limited,* and *Texas-Colorado Limited.*

7. Please print "Counter Girl on The Katy," by Olin Lyman.

I'm brakin' a freight on the Katy,
'Tis wan av the best on the line;
Midway is an eat shop; an' matie,
She goes to yer coco like wine.
She smiles through her roses an' dimples,
She's graceful an' slim as a birch;
On me stool I'm a gettin' goose pimples—
A lonesome old bird on me perch.

Me brain, it gets woozy an' gummy.
Me face is as red as a beet;
I look an' I feel like a rummy,
Me courage escapes at me feet.
She ankles away to the kitchen
And I'm lost in the elegant view;
Me nerves is all buckin' an' pitchin'
An I cudn't tell codfish from stew.

Belfast & Moosehead Lake 18, ex-BAR 52, at Belfast, Me., in 1934.

Collection of Gorton T.H. Wilbur

The rest av the gang throw the blarney,
An' she fires it right back to first base;
But I'm lost as a snake in Killarney
An' me tongue is tied up in me face.
I'm dumb as a cuckoo an' dumber,
I'm as bashful as any June bride;
I may have been hard-boiled last summer,
But now I'm plain mush—an' half fried.

She's little; but, man, she's a mountain
That's restin' the load on me heart.
She sparkles around like a fountain;
Her language is witty and tart;
Her eyes are two blue divils dancin',
Though they niver are turnin' to mine;
But I'm findin' that baby entrancin'
To me here on the old Katy line.

8. Where is the Belfast & Moosehead Lake R.R.?

It has offices in Belfast, Maine, and operates freight from a connection with the Maine Central between Belfast and Burnham Jct. Traffic is mostly poultry feed, lumber, food products, chemicals, waste, and scrap. Chartered Feb. 28, 1867, construction started in Aug. 1868, and the road began service Dec. 23, 1870. It was leased to and operated by MEC from May 10, 1871, to Jan. 2, 1926, when it cancelled the lease and resumed independent operations. The City of Belfast is now its majority stockholder. Passenger service ended in March, 1960. The road now has four 70-ton GE locos and ten pulp cars.

9. How was a fire lit on a coal- and oil-burning locomotive?

In the case of a coalburner, by placing a quantity of wood and coal in the firebox. Oil-saturated waste was then tossed into the box. On the Boston & Maine in the old days, sawdust, shavings, and other inflammable material, mixed with crude oil, were often kept in handy receptacles. A pailful of this mixture applied to the coal lessened the need of much wood.

The common practice on an oil-burner, when the firebox was cold, was to turn the roundhouse steam into the burner through the blower-pipe and a connection from the burner called the atomizer pipe. A piece of oil-saturated waste was then ignited and thrown into the firebox while the oil was partly turned on. The waste kept up a flame finally igniting the oil.

10. Name the electric lines running in New Jersey and New York in 1945.

The lines were fast disappearing, but still remaining were: Atlantic City & Shore, Hudson & Manhattan, Philadelphia Transportation Co., Public Service C.T. in N.J., and in N.Y., Hudson & Manhattan, New York City Transit System, Third Ave. El, Queensboro Bridge Ry., Staten Island Rapid Transit, International Ry., Jamestown, Westfield & Northwestern, Niagara Jct. Ry., Rochester Transit Corp., Schenectady Ry., and Union Traction Co.

11. When was CN's line between St. Conut and Cushing Jct., Que., abandoned?

In 1940. Under the provisions of the CN-CP Act, designed to promote closer cooperation between the two systems, an agreement was reached June 15, 1940, for immediate abandonment of 24.6 miles of Canadian National trackage between the two points. This line closely paralleled the CP route between these two points and the competitive services were wasteful. Under the agreement, making CP the exclusive operator in the area, the net economy secured by abandonment was set at about $24,000 a year, shared equally, at the time, by both lines.

12. Is it fact or legend that an engineer stopped his train each year on the anniversary of a little boy's death?

This is classic rail lore told by Freeman Hubbard in his book *Railroad Avenue,* now a collector's item. One day back in 1886 a Chicago & North Western brakeman named William Chambers on a freight running between Tracy, Minn., and Redfield, S.D., caught sight of a lad waving as the train passed a desolute spot on the prairie. Chambers returned the greeting, and the two waved for nearly two years. Then one day the youngster was missing. Chambers learned that he had died of smallpox and had asked to be buried "where the train goes by and the man waves." In tribute, Chambers and other railroad men put a stone marker by the youngster's grave and halted there briefly each year on the anniversary of his death. The tradition ended with the death of Chambers in 1931.

13. When was B&O's Sand Patch tunnel opened?

The first train through the double-tracked tunnel at the summit of the Alleghany Mountains between Sand Patch and Manilla, Pa., was at noon Dec. 24, 1912. The tunnel cost about $1,250,000.

14. Any subways in Asian cities?

Yes, in Kobe, Nagoya, Osaka, Sapporo, Tokyo, and Yokohama, all in Japan, and Peking, China.

15. Who was Samuel M. Vauclain?

An American Engineer at the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, beginning in 1883. In 1899 he produced his famous compound design in which the high and low pressure piston rods on both sides of the engine were connected to common crossheads, driving two cranks. Later four-crank arrangements were produced. Up to 1907 over 2,000 Vauclain compounds were built. He died in 1940 at age 88.

Running Extra

RE QUERY on *Railroad Magazine* author "Milepost" McGuire in Dec. '76 issue: he went to the big roundhouse in the sky several years ago. His last base of operation was Pawhuska, Okla., according to a local Santa Fe agent. The depots in Fairfax and Ralston, Okla., were torn down in 1975 and the Santa Fe will soon remove the track.—Lawrence Gibbs, Central Okla. Chapt. NRHS, 623 McFarland, Stillwater, Okla. 74074.

EX-CANADIAN NATIONAL cruise ship *Prince George* was tied up at the rear of the Vancouver Island bus depot as of Nov. '76. Rumor has it that she will be a floating restaurant.—L. McMillan, 1215 Comox #212, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

ANSWERING G. Chilcote: the Santa Fe's largest steam locos were the 2-10-10-2s, 3000 class, built at Topeka

shops in 1911 from 10 existing members of the 900 and 1600 class 2-10-2 type high pressure and low pressure units originally from Baldwin. Each weighed 550,000 lbs. on drivers, 616,000 lbs., total weight, including tender, had 225 lbs. boiler pressure, 57" drivers with 28x38x32" cylinders. Maintenance problems caused them to be rebuilt into twenty 2-10-2s in 1915. Used mostly on Cajon Pass in Calif., they never were much of a success.—Wm. O. Gibson, 4427 30th St., San Diego, Calif. 92116.

WHERE CAN I get Pennsy steam rosters?—Lawrence W. Marquess, 1065-B Huron Dr., Twin Lakes Manor Apts., Harrisburg, Pa. 17111.

WHY DID Great Northern electrics between Spokane, Wash., and Coear D'Alene, Idaho, use both pole and pantograph, but at other times poles on both ends?—R.M. Henschka, 81 Kenwood Circle, Bloomfield, Conn. 06002.

ANOTHER Family Lines steamer on display is No. 104, a Prairie type (Baldwin, 1920), dedicated at Leesburg, Fla., in 1961.—Mark Sublette, 217 Country Club Rd., Shalimar, Fla. 32579.

ANYONE TELL ME which railroad was called "The Sole Leather Line"?—Herman Setterlund, 422 Seventh Ave., Two Harbors, Minn.

HOW LONG (in feet) is the railroad tunnel under the Hudson River from Penn Station, New York, to New Jersey?—Joseph W. Omiline, 4660 Manhattan College Parkway, Bronx, N.Y. 10471.

WHERE IS the highest point reached by rail in Oregon?—Abe Cooper, 3038 Cannon St., Klamath Falls, Ore. 97601.

INFO WANTED on the New York Central inspection engine No. 24.—Bert H. Bishop, 5917 Radnor Rd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46226.

WHO CAN tell me about the Northern Pacific divisions in 1916? Where were they located?—Alfred E. Howen, 416 12th Ave. S, Devils Lake, N.D. 58301.

I WANT TO contact harvesters or railroaders who took part in the Canadian Pacific harvest excursions between 1892 and 1930, also Canadian National excursions early 1920 to 1928.—A.A. MacKenzie, RR3, Merigomish, Nova Scotia, Canada BOK LGO.

WHO OWNED and operated the Montour R.R.? I'm an 83-year-old retired NYC electrician.—Lewis F. Baker, 469 Seima Rd., Springfield, Ohio 45505.

WHAT HAPPENED to the Alco PA-1? Are the ones on the D&H the last in operation?—Dave Van Buskirk, Rte. 1, Box 86 EE, La Junta, Colo. 81050.

ONE of Sir Herbert Nigel Gresley's streamlined Pacifics, class A4, the *Mallard,* is preserved at the National Railway Museum in York, England. Another A4, named *Sir Nigel Gresley,* is preserved at Philadelphia, County Durham, in northeast England. Sir Nigel was knighted in 1936, but his family can trace its ancestry back to the Norman Conquest in 1066, when one of his ancesters fought with Duke William of Normandy at Hastings, one of only four families in the land which can claim the honor of continuous descent from the Conquest.—Noel Hanson, 57 Sutherland Ave., Fenham, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, NE4 9NQ, England.

WILL ANY class I railroad hire a person as a trainman with 20-20 corrected vision? Some roads won't hire anyone wearing glasses, while others do.—Arthur L. Ryman, Rte. 1, Box 54-A, Toms Brooks, Va. 22660.

I WANT HISTORY of Colorado's Silverton, Gladstone & Northen.—Peter Osgood, 1628 Mammoth Rd., Apt. 18, Hooksett, N.H. 03106.

WHAT WAS the longest trolley trip one could have made in N.Y., N.J., and Pa. without changing cars?—John Gray, 77 High St., Newton, N.J. 02860.

HAS ANY reader the words to the following tunes of many years ago? One was about an Irish boy, probably from New York. It went something like like: "Old ragged Pat, Me clothes and me hat, Not a penny for bread do I have." Another my father liked was, "Where do you work-a, John, On the Delaware Lackawan'. And one that sailors sung on sailing ships out of New England, "Come all ye hearties who follow the sea, yea-hay, blow the man down." Anyone help?—Richard W. Biermann, 158 Albion St., San Francisco, Calif. 94110.

ANYONE HAVE info and pix of European cab-forward locos built in 1890s and early 1900s? Also want data and builder's photos of Georgia & Florida cabbage-stack 2-8-2s.—M.J. Rhoden, 4653 N. Malden St., Chicago, Ill. 60640.

WHERE CAN I get info on Clinchfield R.R.? Any books written on this line?—William Anderson, Rte. 2, Surgoinsville, Tenn. 37873.

A NON-RAIL magazine featuring railroad articles was *Scribner's,* which ran "American Locomotives and Cars," by M.N. Forney, 25 pages profusely illustrated , in Aug. 1888. In the following Nov. issue it published "Everyday Life of Railroad Men," by B.B. Adams, Jr., 23 pages, with good photos.—George L. Larned, P.O. Box 263, Sunset Drive, Bedford Hills, N.Y. 10507.

I'M LOOKING for locomotive pix and registers of the old Pennsy and subsidiaries, i.e. St. Louis, Vandalia & Terre Haute; Little Miami; Jeffersonville, Madison & Indianapolis; Columbus; Chicago & Indiana Central, etc—Ivan W. Sanders, 509 Second St., Brownsville, Pa. 15417.

Pen Pals Wanted

(No charge for listing here)

David Cohen (age 32), 35 E. 40th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., Canada, V5W 1L3, will correspond with anyone interested in San Francisco Muni. Ry, Key System, Sac. Northern, NW Pacific, SP, WP, Santa Fe.

Jay Bendersky (age 18), 303 Lorraine St., North Bellmore, N.Y. 11710, volunteer fireman, likes name bands, will correspond with anyone interested in railroads, especially girls near his own age.

Dale S. Perry (age 14), 11825 Detroit Ave., #15, Lakewood, Ohio 44107, wants to hear from anyone interested in railroads, model railroading, or country music.

Miss Stella Go (age 13), 17 Queens Rd., Redemptorist Site, Cebu City, Philippines, 64-1, English-speaking Chinese student.

F. Von Blon, Box 6422, Waco, Texas, will correspond with anyone familiar with Texas or Okla. tramroads, streetcar lines, shortline railroads.

Miss Tita Palen (age 28), 111-A P. del Rosario St., Cebu City, Philippines, 4601, college grad., secretary.

Jim Shepard, P.O. Box 702, Rochester, Minn. 55901, rail photographer, single, wants to hear from female railfans.

Miss Feih de La Cerna (age 27), 30-B V. Rama Ave., Cebu City, Philippines, 6401, likes magazines, correspondence.

Lee K. Guinn (age 26), 3850 Burtin Ave., Toledo, Ohio 43612, wants to hear from single girls interested in trains.

Miss Dinah Cabatas (age 23), 30 V. Rama Ave., Cebu City, Philippines, 6401, likes to read magazines, write letters.

David Bordner (age 40), 609 W. Michigan, Midland, Texas 79701, single, interested in old trains, treasure hunting, mountain climbing, wants female pen pal, especially one overseas.

Robert E. Birch (age 15), 4100 N. Romeo Rd., #15, Tuscon, Ariz. 85705, will correspond with any loco engr. or trainman, also anyone interested in model rra., radio broadcasting.

Miss Sophia Go (age 16), 1 17 Queens Rd., Redemptorist Site, Cebu City, Philippines, 6401, English-speaking Chinese student.

BOOKS of the RAILS

by Gorton T.H. Wilbur

TWEETSIE COUNTRY, by Mallory Hope Ferrell, 219 pages, 8½x11", hardbound, photos, rosters, maps, timetables, scale drawings, Pruett Publishing Co., $25.95. (Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.)

Mallory Hope Ferrell, one of our *Interesting Railfans,* who has given us such fine rail books as *Gilpin Gold Tram* and *Silver San Juan,* has another good one in *Tweetsie Country,* a name dear to the hearts of many railfans. The East Tennessee & Western North Carolina was conceived in the Blue Ridge country one year after the Civil War ended. In the 1880s it was called the "Stem-winder," and later was nicknamed the "East Taters & Wear No Clothes." But children riding the jouncing cars to summer camps gave it the name that lasted: Tweetsie! The author, a Virginian native now living in Colorado, who knows the area, adds color and charm to the real Tweetsie, with its broad-gage aspirations on a narrow-gage budget; its "tobacco-chawin' " passengers, picnic trains, sudden disastrous rains—good days and hard times.

This pictorial history includes 250 sharp photos of Tweetsie action from collections of Edward Bond, Gipson P. Vance, and James P. Shuman, among others, and such ace photographers as John Krause, W. Frank Clodfelter, Tom Lawson, Jr., and Al and Mary Langley. There are three full-color paintings by Mike Pearsall and Casey Holtzinger, maps, scale drawings, timetables, a complete narrow- and standard-gage motive and rolling stock roster, and a list of depots. ET&WNC-LR depots.

The author writes: "Tweetsie Country can be roughly defined as being bounded on the North by the Great Depression, and the east by the state of North Carolina, on the west by Tennessee and on the south by hope and determination. It has been a long time since I left those hills, but I must admit they are still a part of me and will be always. Like the people she served, Tweetsie never had enough money. In later years she made do with mixed trains of cordwood, coal, and a combination car divided into four parts for baggage, U.S. mail and passengers, both white and colored. The affection that the East Tennessee & Western North Carolina held is hard to define. Perhaps Mrs. Judkins of Linville Gap hit upon the real reason when she said: 'It's the onliest train there is around here.' "

Hand-bombing the black diamonds in Great Lakes carferry *Chief Wawatam.*
Photograph by Robert M. Fowler

CHIEF WAWATAM, THE STORY OF A HAND-BOMBER, by Frances D. Burgtorf, 320 pages, 9¼x12½", hardbound, photos, ship's logs, rosters, Preview Printing Co., $25. (Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.)

Not often do I have the pleasure of reviewing a book on water transportation especially a Great Lakes carferry. In case you anti-military industrialists wonder what has a hand-bomber got to do with a book review, simply, the vessel was coal-fired, sans mechanical stoker. It's an historical account of this now-famed Straits of Mackinac ship, much of its interesting first hand experiences by officers and crew members, past and present, illustrated with many good pix.

Chief Wawatam arrived in Oct. 1911 as a railcar ferry and icebreaker. While pulled off her regular run in 1943 to break ice from the Straits to Buffalo, she has been the main fixture through the years and as of early 1977, the only rail link across the Straits between the Upper and Lower Peninsula. The old girl, beloved by both rail and ship historians, is living on borrowed time. The *Chief,* owned by Mackinac Transportation Co. and managed by the Detroit & Mackinac R.R., is licensed to run until this March. By the time you read this, she might be another bygone bit of Great Lakes shipping lore. Surely, her noble work during this bitterest of winters means something. They just don't build such ships anymore.

Mrs. Burgtorf's efforts have been praised by two Great Lakes experts: Dr. Richard J. Wright, director of the Northwest Ohio-Great Lakes Research Center at Bowling Green, Ohio, State University, and E.J. Sundstrom, marine editor, Saulte Ste. *Marine Evening News.*

THE SLOW TIRED AND EASY R.R., by Olive Davis, 139 pages, 8½x11", hardbound, photos, maps, Valley Publishers, $12. (Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.)

This is a book about a short-haul rail line known to northern Californians as the Slow Tired & Easy, but to outsiders it answers to the Stockton Terminal & Eastern. However, if you live elsewhere and you ask one of the good citizens from Stockton about the latter road, you might have to wait for an answer. The ST&E is a local operation. From its beginning in 1908, it was an important way for stock-holding central valley farmers to get their produce to mainline distribution over the WP, SP, and SF; but the trials and tribulations of this run, down through the years, were numerous. The stories of the men and women who dealt with these difficulties are full of humor, perserverance, and concern for this little pike which had so much to give to the area. Did I say had? It still is.

There is much in this book for the small-carrier enthusiast, including a complete steam and diesel engine and rolling-stock roster. Throughout the book you can see the expert hand of Railway & Locomotive Historical Society's motive power expert Gerry Best. His touch, like that of Tom Beard, president of the road, gives shortline fans a nice book.

THOMAS COOK INTERNATIONAL TIMETABLE, monthly, 536 pages, 6¼x9¼", softbound. An excellent 1977 travel guide to the principal rail services of North and South America, Europe, Africa, and Asia, including Australia and New Zealand, with local shipping services in the North, Baltic, and Mediterranean Seas. Single copies by air to U.S. and Canada, $9.50, or $98 for annual subscription. For other nations' rates, write Thomas Cook Ltd., Timetable Publishing Office, P.O. 36, Peterborough PE3 6SB, England.

Journals and Periodicals

NATIONAL RAILWAY BULLETIN, National Railway Historical Society, is edited by Wm. C. Wagner, one of our *Interesting Railfans,* Box 2051, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. Volume 41, No. 5, '76, has such tasty reading pieces as "Ashely, Drew & Northern," by Clifton E. Hull. Also C.F.H. Allen's "Railroads of Portland, Maine," and "Pathway to Amtrak II," an address by Paul H. Reistrup, president of the National Railroad Passenger Conference, delivered at last year's NRHS convention in Philadelphia and Jack C. Jones' "Death Ride Down the Mountain." Gene Foster's cover photo shows the days of steam drawing to a close on the Pennsy with a Mla Mountain No. 6717 leaving Enola Yards with a freight train. Enclosed in the *Bulletin* is a supplemental structure chart of preliminary mainline and branchline designations for Class I railroads.

THE SANDHOUSE is edited by Mike Green for Pacific Coast Branch, Canadian Railroad Historical Assn., P.O. Box 1006, Station A, Vancouver, B.C. He does a nice job for railfans interested in perpetuating the railway history of British Columbia. Annual dues are $3.50. Also published during the year is *B.C. Rail Guide,* consisting of rail film sources and other info, $1.

SHORELINER is edited by Gordon Q. Cochrane, Jr., and issued quarterly by the New Haven Railroad Historical & Technical Assn., Inc., a non-profit tax-exempt organization, 312 Scott St., P.O. Box 1803, Montgomery, Ala. 36103. Annual Dues, $8, include newsletter and quarterly. Make checks payable to Treasurer-NHRHTA, Ron Hall, 280 N. Elm St., Wallingford, Conn. 06492. These issues carry good reading about the days of steam and early and late juice and diesels on the NH.

MONON RAILROAD NEWS & NOTES is edited by Mont Switzer and Merle Rice for Monon Society. Fans will enjoy its articles, notes, model section, scale drawings, rosters, pix, etc. Subscription rates are four issues $5. Back copies $1.50. (Indiana residents add 4%) the Society maintains a bulk subscription as a benefit of membership. Send subscription inquiries to Mont at 6470 W. Smith Rd., Medina, Ohio 44256. Materials for publication go to Merle, R2, Huntington, Ind. 46750.

ONTARIO & WESTERN OBSERVER is edited by Edward J. Crist for Ontario & Western Technical and Historical Society, P.O. Box 405, Franklin Lakes, N.J. 07417. Ed and his staff, Martin Feldner and Bob Mohowski, do a nice job on this fine 8½x11", slick-paper journal with pix, maps, and scale drawings for "Old & Weary" fans. Annual O&WTHS dues still $5.

THE KEYSTONE is published by the Pennsylvania Railroad Technical & Historical Society, 515 Miranda Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15241. A good journal for Pennsy enthusiasts with the Keystone emblem ever present on pix of motive power, rolling stock, articles, etc. Annual dues are $7 for regular membership, $15 for sustaining, and $25 for contributing. PRTHS annual meeting will be held April 23 at Viking Motor Hotel in Pittsburgh.

Our Cut-Rate Book Service

As a service to readers, we sell books at about 5 percent off publisher's price. Our discount applies to almost any language railbook, if it is still in print. Allow from 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

New York State resident must enclose 4 percent sales tax with each order. But we do not charge a New York City sales tax because our book agency is located in New Rochelle, N.Y. To avoid delay, send separate checks for books and magazine subscriptions. On all Canadian orders add 10 percent. On all other orders add 40c per book for postage etc. Allow six weeks for service.

The books are available only by mail through Railroad Magazine Book Service, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

	List Price	Our Price
DENVER, SOUTH PARK & PACIFIC, by M.C. Poor (Memorial Edition)	$24.00	(22.80)
ACROSS NEW YORK BY TROLLEY, by Frederick A Kromer	$ 3.95	(3.75)
RIO GRANDE GLORY DAYS, by Gilbert A. Lathrop	$10.95	(10.40)
VAN HORNE'S ROAD, by Omar Lavallee	$24.95	(23.75)
MAKIN' TRACKS, by Lynne R. Mayer	$25.00	(23.75)
STOCKTON & DARLINGTON RAILWAY: 1825-1875, by P.J. Holmes	$14.85	(14.15)
THE STORY OF THE CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR, by Karl R. Zimmerman	$10.95	(10.40)
NARROW GAUGE PORTRAIT: SOUTH PACIFIC COAST, by Bruce MacGregor	$16.50	(15.75)
LOST PLEASURES OF THE GREAT TRAINS, by Martin Page	$16.95	(15.70)
HISTORY OF THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL, by John F. Stover	$15.00	(16.10)
RAILROADS OF ARIZONA (Vol. 1: Southern Roads), by David Myrick	$19.50	(19.00)
RAILROADS IN AMERICA, by Oliver Jensen	$34.95	(33.20)
THE STREAMLINE ERA, by Robert C. Reed	$24.95	(23.75)
COACH TRAINS AND TRAVEL, by Patrick C. Doran	$14.95	(14.25)
THE SOUTH PARK LINE: CONCISE HISTORY	$14.75	(14.20)
MILE-HIGH TROLLEYS(Second Edition)	$12.95	(12.35)
PENNSY STEAM AND SEMAPHORES, by Fred Westing	$13.95	(13.25)
GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE, by Edward F. Gardener	$ 5.00	(4.75)
EARLY MOTIVE POWER OF B&O, by Snowden Bell (reprint)	$ 8.95	(8.50)
CINCINNATI & LAKE ERIE RR, by Jack Keenan	$17.95	(17.05)
HISTORY: ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE, by Bryant	$12.95	(12.35)
AMERICAN SHORT LINE RY. GUIDE, by E.A. Lewis	$ 7.95	(7.60)
COLORADO RAILROADS, by T.W. Wilkins	$24.95	(23.75)
QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE, by Edward Gardner	$ 5.00	(4.75)
RAILROADS OF NEW JERSEY, by Richard Hyer	$15.95	(15.20)
ERIE LACKAWANNA EAST, by Karl R. Zimmermann	$ 3.95	(3.75)
THE RAILROAD CABOOSE, by Wm. F. Knapke and Freeman Hubbard	$ 8.95	(8.50)
PULLMAN AND PRIVATE CAR PICTORIAL, by Robert J. Wayner	$ 8.50	(8.15)
RAILBOOK BIBLIOGRAPHY, by Hudson	$ 5.00	(4.75)
LACKAWANNA RAILROAD No. 2, by Edward Gardner	$ 5.00	(4.75)
KATY NORTHWEST, by Donovan L. Hofsomer	$26.95	(25.60)
TWILIGHT OF WORLD STEAM, by Mike Eagleson and Ron Ziel	$14.95	(14.20)
NARROW GAUGE RYS. OF CANADA, by Omar Lavallee	$14.95	(14.20)
MILWAUKEE ROADS WEST, by Wood	$14.95	(14.25)
HETCH HETCHY AND ITS DAM RAILROAD, by Ted Wurm	$13.50	(12.82)
THE RAILROAD SCENE, by William Middleton	$12.95	(12.30)
BESSEMER & LAKE ERIE, 1869-1969, by Beaver	$11.95	(11.35)
CANADIAN NATIONAL STEAM POWER, by Clegg and Corley	$16.95	(16.10)
L&N STEAM LOCOMOTIVES, by Richard Prince	$12.50	(11.90)
EVERYWHERE WEST: THE BURLINGTON ROUTE, by Patrick C. Dorin	$14.95	(14.25)
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD K-4S, by H.P. Albrecht	$ 3.00	(2.85)
INTERURBAN INTERLUDE, by E.J. Quinby	$ 8.95	(8.50)
PENNSY POWER, by Alvin F. Staufer and Bert Pennypacker	$22.95	(20.90)
TRAIN WATCHER'S GUIDE TO CHICAGO	$ 6.50	(6.20)
HEADLIGHTS & MARKERS (rail fiction stories)	$ 7.95	(7.55)
MEXICAN NARROW GAUGE, by Gerald M. Best	$ 7.50	(7.15)
AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES, by John H. White	$25.00	(23.75)
HORSESHOE CURVE AND ALTOONA, by Harry P. Albrecht	$ 4.50	(4.25)
MORRISTOWN & ERIE, by Thomas T. Taber III	$ 6.95	(6.60)
THE ULSTER & DELAWARE, by Gerald M. Best	$13.95	(13.25)
THE COLORADO ROAD, by F. Hol Wagner Jr.	$15.00	(14.25)
NARROW GAUGE TO REDWOODS, by Dickson	$10.00	(9.50)
SUPER POWER STEAM LOCOS, by R. J. Cook	$10.00	(9.50)
SNOWPLOW, by Gerald M. Best	$ 6.00	(5.70)
20TH CENTURY LIMITED, by Lucius Beebe	$ 6.95	(6.60)
THE TRAINS WE RODE, by Beebe and Clegg, Vol I	$17.50	(16.60)
THE TRAINS WE RODE, Beebe-Clegg, Vol II	$17.50	(16.60)
THE OVERLAND LIMITED, by Lucius Beebe	$ 5.95	(5.65)
DELAWARE & HUDSON, by James Shaughnessy	$16.50	(15.65)
GREAT DAYS OF THE CIRCUS, by Freeman Hubbard	$ 5.95	(5.65)
OPEN THROTTLE (rail-fiction stories)	$ 5.95	(5.65)
STEEL RAILS TO VICTORY, by Ron Ziel	$15.95	(15.20)
GREAT LAKES CAR FERRIES, by George W. Hilton	$ 6.00	(5.70)
THE MA & PA, by George W. Hilton	$ 6.00	(5.70)
THE RUTLAND ROAD, by James Shaughnessy	$11.50	(10.90)
JANE'S WORLD RAILWAYS	$72.50	(68.90)
RIGHT-OF-WAY (Abandoned Roads)	$ 5.95	(5.65)
AMTRAK CAR SPOTTER, edited by Robert J. Wayner	$ 4.95	(4.70)
THE GREAT TRAINS, by Bryan Morgan	$35.00	(33.25)
CHICAGO SURFACE LINES, by Alan R. Lind	$17.50	(16.60)
INTERURBANS OF UTAH, by Ira L. Swett	$ 8.00	(7.60)
THE STORY OF EDDYSTONE (Baldwin Loco Works)	$ 8.95	(8.50)
STEAM ON THE ANTHRACITE ROADS, by Mike Eagleson	$ 6.50	(6.15)

HOBBY CLUB

conducted by Sy Reich

WITH OUR winter of discontent now safely stored on the back shelf, railfans have happier thoughts of upcoming spring and summer trips behind steam, diesel, or juice and plan to give their cameras the first good workout of 1977. But before you take off, don't forget the problem areas that gave you miseries last year. How about those bugs in the electronic flash units that came up at the B&O Museum in Baltimore last fall? And flunked badly when you wanted to get the perfect shot of the Silverton engine at Durango after the sun had dipped over the big hill to the west. Here are a few thoughts on flash units for what they are worth.

The photo market is flooded with such units. They come in all sizes, shapes and prices. Some cost under twenty bucks while other could nick you several hundred. Many offer automatic features that allow you to set an F/stop and then just focus and shoot without worrying about the correct exposure. A sensor which automatically provides enough light for the correct exposure at whatever distance you are from what you want to shoot. The more expensive electronic flash units also offer a choice of F/stops so that you can be in control of the depth of field in case you want to shoot something and have the background fall off in sharpness.

I've run into shutterbugs who hail the newest development, the thyristor circuit. This energy-saving device extends the battery life in either dry or rechargeable units. A battery that you are using may normally give you 100 shots, but with the thyristor circuit you can get three times that if you are shooting close up, because the energy-saving gadget is storing the unneeded portion of the power and saving it for the next shot.

However, this new circuitry can cause you some problems due to the automatic features. You might get over-exposure or under-exposure, so it would be wise to run some tests to be sure that the automatic feature provides the kind of exposures you want at a particular ASA setting.

Saving money on batteries is great, but keep in mind that unused batteries will run down and you might have to take some time to charge them unless you check on them. Some units are equipped with a trickle charter as part of the regular battery charger, which means you can keep the battery on the charging unit without fear that it will overcharge the batteries and ruin them. If you use a rechargeable unit it's a good idea to have a spare battery to interchange, to be sure you have a fresh one when needed. Depending on where the sensor units are located on the flash, you can, in most cases, get good results even from bounce light in the automatic mode. I can't emphasize this too much.

Before making a final decision as to what unit to buy, look around at different units and have the salesman explain the various features offered in the price range that you can afford. Then on to Mid-Continental Museum, the Tenn. Valley Railroad Museum, latest action on the Puget Sound Railroad Historical Assn. display, Ontario Rail at Brampton, cranberry bog land and the Edaville R.R., and Pacific Coast Chapter, Railway & Locomotive Historical Society railfan's delight at the new Central Pacific depot at Sacramento.

ONE OF the hottest items this spring is Howard Serig's Friends of the GG1, working with sundry NRHS chapters in the Northeast for the restoration of a famed G No. 4935 to its original Pennsy livery of dark green and pin stripes, not Tuscan red. The serviceable electric is presently stored at Wilmington, Dela., shops where the commemorative project will be undertaken with Amtrak cooperation. Before repainting, 4935's shell will be reconditioned, removing dents and other blemishes.

Hopefully, by the time you read this, Tri-State and Philadelphia chapters will see their pet project, scheduled for a March start, well under way. Some $10,000 is needed to complete the restoration. Much progess has already been made toward reaching this figure, but more is needed to put 4935 back in her original dress. Contribution categories run: contributor $1 to $4; friend $5 to $49; sponsor $50 to $499, and patron $500 and up. Checks should ge sent to Friends of the GG1, c/o Philadelphia Chapter, NRHS, P.O. Box 7302, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101.

ANOTHER big NRHS project is the 1977 national convention hosted this year by the Roanoke Chapter, Aug. 31-Sept. 5. Ye honorable ed of *The Turntable,* sent us a preliminary of events. The boys are working hard to put on a good show and it's shaping up fine. More details next month.

CANADIAN RAILFANS should know that the latest *Canadian Railway Radio Guide* lists radio frequencies used by their nation's railways, private and short lines. Frequencies are confirmed by Communications Canada Frequency lists. Also included in the recent edition are two maps for CN and CP use. $3 in Canada, $1 extra elsewhere. Order from Gansel Publishing House, 9 Bethune Way, Ottawa, Canada K2K 1C1.

PC freight passes Essex, Ont., depot Aug. 8, '70, Windsor branch, Canadian Railroad Historical Society raising funds to save depot.

Photograph by Elmer Treloar

WINDSOR BRANCH of Canadian Railroad Historical Society offers a selection of cleverly designed and handsomely finished belt buckles, each for $5 plus 25¢ postage. All proceeds go to the "Restore Essex Station" fund. When ordering, include number and roads, such as: 501 Soo Line, 502 Wabash, 503 Rock Island, 504 Milwaukee, 505 Atlantic Coast Line, 506 Union Pacific, 507 Southern, 508 Burlington, 509 Southern Pacific, 511 Baltimore & Ohio, 512 Erie, 513 Chicago & North Western, 514 Rio Grande, 515 Canadian National (maple leaf), 516 Frisco, 517 Northern Pacific, 518 Penn Central, 519 New York Central, and 520 Grand Trunk.

MEL OST, prexy of The Railroad Enthusiasts, and some 60 members attended a Hartford, Conn., meeting recently, hosted by the Hartford Div., where a significant resolution was passed for the RRE to initiate payments to an insurance company which had previously offered a fantrip liability policy. The price previously quoted was about $9,000, payable in quarterly installments. Initial payment will come from the national treasury.

Subsequent payments, Mel hopes, can be met from money taken in from trips. The Portland and Chesapeake divisions offered "seed" money to get the project started. No figure is available on the present premium. RRE hopes it won't be more than the $9,000 figure. An additional $2,500 will be needed against a $2,500 deductible; railroads require that this bond be posted.

Mel and the boys believe Conrail will find this insurance acceptable and permit trips on their tracks. A six-month trial period is planned; results will then be evaluated. Mel and George Pinz have some good private-car trips

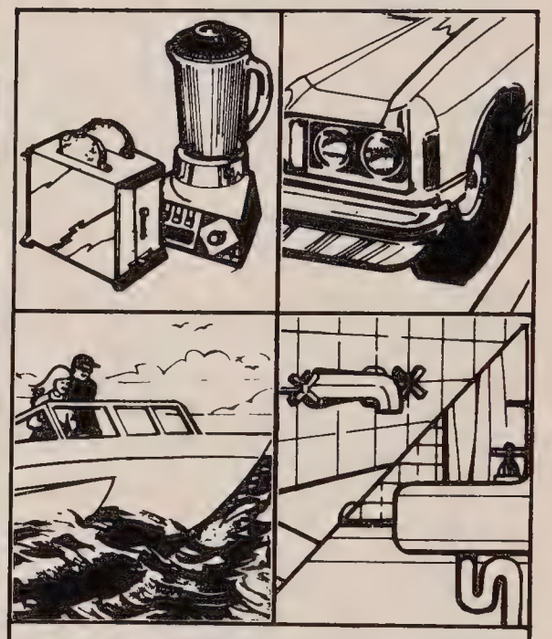
End worries from rust damage

1¢ SALE
BUY 1 for $2.99
Get the Second for 1¢

Amazing "Rust Killer" REMOVES ROTTING RUST AND REPLACES IT WITH FIRM NEW COATING

Incredible rust destroyer brushes on over rusted areas...
Dries in only 30 minutes...
Replaces rust with tough new protective coating

Big ugly blotchy spots of rust eating away at automobile fender. With Rust Killer new coated surface replaces old rusted areas and works on rusted areas only. Simply apply it, re-paint it and rusted spots become invisible.



Stop rust on outdoor furniture, radiator grill, fenders, boats, railings, appliances, refrigerators, toasters, tools, plumbing connections.

Rust looks bad, but that's only the beginning. Those orange, runny looking spots are actually eating away dollars. Rust is eating the body out of your car . . . rotting away metal furniture . . . destroying metal grills and railings. It's destroying constantly and it's costing you money. Now you can end the ugly look of rotting rust and the costly damage with an amazing new compound called *Rust Killer*. It actually replaces deteriorating rust with a *new coated* surface that is guaranteed not to rust again.

New Space Age Miracle Compound

Easy to use. Simply brush it on. It washes off any painted areas adjacent to it, dries in minutes and after it's been applied you simply paint over it with matching colors and no one will ever know that once an ugly destructive rust blemish was eating away at precious metal. So stop scouring, sanding year after year, and stop watching those dollars rust away. Apply *Rust Killer* once and end the worries of costly rust damage. 2 Generous 4 ounce cans, yours for only $3.00.

90-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Stop watching those thousands of dollars you've got invested in metal around the house rust away. Order Rust Killer now, apply it to lawn furniture, bicycles, iron railings, fenders, radiator grills, any metal exposed to salt air, rain, roads treated with harsh winter chemicals. Rust Killer must prevent rust from returning, showing even the slightest indication or you may return immediately for prompt refund of purchase price.

BUY WITH CONFIDENCE! ORDER TODAY!

Jay Norris Corp., Dept. 252-2
380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

☐ Please rush me 2 **Rust Killers** #R273 at your special 1¢ Sale purchase price of 2 for $3.00 plus 85¢ postage and handling.

☐ **SAVE!** 4 **Rust Killers** for $5.60 purchase price plus $1.25 postage and handling.

☐ **SAVE MORE!** 8 **Rust Killers** for only $10.99 purchase price plus $1.50 postage and handling.

Enclosed is ☐ check or ☐ money order for $ _____
Sorry, no C.O.D.'s—(N.Y. residents add sales tax.)
Please Print:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

© JAY NORRIS CORP. 1977

380 Madison Ave. Dept.252-2, N.Y. N.Y. 10017
Serving Satisfied Customers for Over 25 Years.

planned. For details contact Melville at 108-29 67th Dr., Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375.

STILL RAMBLING through New England, anyone who wants to learn more about one of Maine's interesting railroads can do so through the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad Historical & Technical Society. Annual dues are $4 a year. With membership comes a quarterly bulletin of the BAR, past and present, and—not to be selfish about it—notes about other Maine carriers. Contact Don M. Greenburg, president, 5 Alden Pl., Hartsdale, N.Y. 10530.

DAN FOLEY, ed. of West Conn. Chapter NRHS newsletter *Westcon Manifest* runs a lively column on the Nutmeg State's trolleys. As a for instance: on April 7, 1922, six brand new one-man safety trolley cars were received for the Stamford Division of Conn. Co. These were the first 15 such cars placed in service in Stamford. The cars, with a capacity of 34 passengers, were of the latest design. On April 6, 1933, it was learned from Wm. Kingdom, Supt. of the Conn. Co. in Stamford, that plans were being made to replace the Stamford-Norwalk trolley line with buses in the near future. The line had then been in operation for about 30 years.

GOOD NEWS for those who missed the first printing of R&LHS Fred A. Stindt's interesting book, *Trains to the Russian River,* about long-gone days up along the Northwestern Pacific. A second printing is hot off the press, $5.95 (plus 6% tax for California residents). Details from Fred, 978 Emerald Hill Rd., Redwood City, 94062.

SOUTHWEST KANSAS Railroad Society is high in praise of *The Northern Light,* official publication of the Northern Ohio Railway Museum, Box 29265, Cleveland, Ohio 44129. Arleigh Agan considers it a notable news journal.

ONE OF the very few railfan plaques that I know about anywhere was unveiled a few months back bearing a bronze bust of the late Thomas T. Taber in a special ceremony at the Madison, N.J., station, a locale loved by this rail historian and transportation champion for many years. Over 200 guests honored Tom's memory. Among some of the clubs he belonged to were R&LHS, RRE, Tri-State Chapter NRHS, and, probably his greatest joy, the Railroadians of America, which he founded in 1939. Money for the plaque came from commuters, who put it in a donation box at the ticket window. Tom as active in preserving and improving New Jersey rail transportation, was first chairman of the Morris County Board of Public Transportation (a post now held by Frank Reilly of Tri-State), and a mayor of Madison. His memory will remain in the minds and hearts of railfans and the average Mr. New Jersey Commuter.

The Railroadians of America is a non-profit historical and publishing society, incorporated under the laws of New Jersey for those whose advocation is the gathering, preserving, writing, and publishing information on railroad history and operations. Their regular membership newsletter is *The Trainsheet,* edited by Peter J. Rickershauer, 4200 N.W. 9th St., Des Moines, Iowa 50313. For the last couple of years they have published the highly informative *The Next Station Will Be . . .*, softbound illustrated books about railroad depots in New Jersey and parts of lower New York State about 1910. For further info. on the Railroadians contact *Interesting Railfan* Warren B. Crater, 270 W. Colfax Ave., Roselle Park, N.J. 07204.

Tom Taber 3rd writes that the book his dad had been working on, covering the history of the Lackawanna up thru 1899, ought to be ready about May. The 430-page book will have loads of DL&W pix taken prior to '99. We don't know the price yet, but when it is published our *Books of the Rails* will review it.

PLENTY OF action among our friends at North Alabama Railroad Club. As we write this, no date has been set for their popular steam spring two-day excursion westbound between Chattanooga and Memphis with an overnight stop at Sheffield, and the reverse the following week-end eastbound. Carl Wipprecht, ed. of their newsletter *White Flags and Full Steam,* believes it might be in early May. If last year's turn out is any criterion of the popularity of such trips, when they had capacity loads with turn-aways, the 1977 outing should be well patronized.

Carl writes also that William R. Murray, and his wife, Nell, have donated their railway car to the club for use at the Huntsville depot. It is in excellent condition and will be developed into a dining/concession car for display and on excursions. And talking about excursions, the gang at North Alabama hope that this will be the year their beloved 77 will be under full steam again. Donations to help with her repair and restoration may be made to Save 77 Fund, North Alabama Railroad Club, P.O. Box 4163, Huntsville, Ala. 35802.

C.R. DAVIDSON'S list of railroad stations in Dec. issue is supplemented by a few Ohio updates: Mt. Orab (N&W) demolished, Willard (B&O) torn down, and at Columbus Union Station entrance, all but one arch has been razed. Ohio Historical Society got an injunction, but not until the damage had been done.—Mark J. Camp, 856 McKinley Ave., Toledo, Ohio 43605.

PAUL PRESCOTT, ye ed. of Conneaut NRHS chapter's newsletter *Semaphore,* reviewing the rail disaster on the LS&MS at Ashtabula on Dec. 29, 1876, tells us that the Ashtabula County Stamp Club has issued a limited-edition cover to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the tragedy. Included is a dramatic account of it. Send 60¢ (limit, 3 to a customer) and a SSE #10 envelope to Glen Osburn, president, Ashtabula County Stamp Club, P.O. Box 132, Ashtabula, Ohio 44004.

CARSON CITY is known for many things, among them the home of the Carson City Railroad Association. There's a lot of rail history and lore in this area. Indicating how wide-awake this crowd is, CCRA won two trophies for their floats in a last year's Nevada Day parade. Newsletter ed. Boxcar Ben puts out a breezy sheet with illustrations much in keeping with the old Fiddletown & Copperopolis cartoons of fond memory. Club info from CCRA, P.O. Box 2245, Carson City, Nevada 89701.

HARWELL E. WEST, ed. of Toledo Morse Telegraph Club's fine newsletter *Brass Pounders' Gossip* and one of our *Interesting Railfans,* offers an 11x17" repro of the cartoon "The Old Depot" on heavy index, with a black on yellow bond paper as freebie, both for $1.50 in a mailing tube. A good bargain for an alltime great rail cartoon. Harwell's address is Box 152, Orland Park, Ill. 60462.

CALENDARS ARE still worth a mention. A large wall type with 12 months of steam from Mid-Continent Ry. Museum, Box 55, North Freedom, Wis. 53951, but no price given, and 13 pix of Erie-built Heisler locos, $3.95, on a calendar from Lake Shore Ry. Hist. Society, Box 571, North East, Pa. 16428.

CLUBS PLANNING revenue-producing trips, displays of railroadiana, model programs, etc., should give a thought to sending in your notices to *Coming Events* at least two months in advance of the event. That is how far ahead we have to work. Many tell us about events taking place long after we have locked up our various columns. The hurt comes when they don't see their club mentioned. And the events are usually ones we'd have been glad to use if they had arrived in time.

NEVER AGAIN DRIVE A DIRTY CAR!

Super-action Miracle Brush keeps your car "showroom new"... without water, waxes or hard work!

Brush lasts for years!

Do people judge you by the soiled, grimy-looking automobile you drive? Now you can keep your car gleaming clean and bright—with that shiny "showroom-new" look. And you don't need a hose, you don't need a bucket, you don't need costly waxes, pastes or cleaners. What's more, you don't have to line up every Saturday to plunk down $1.50 or $2.00 for a car wash.

All you need is this super-action Miracle Brush and a few minutes of spare time.

Never again be ashamed of how your car looks!

This remarkable, chemically-treated Miracle Brush cleans and polishes your whole car in minutes—without water, waxes or hard work. It's almost like magic! Millions of dirt-hungry fibers attract dust and grime *automatically*—by molecular magnetism *then gobble it up!* You never have to rub or scrub. Simply *glide* the Miracle Brush over your car. It actually cleans as it polishes . . . is 100% safe even for new car finishes—even for a Rolls, Caddy or Continental!

Switch to this amazing no-water method!

Say goodbye forever to hoses, buckets and sponges! Never again risk rust, rattles, squeaks—and wet feet! This amazing, easy-care, *no water* way to clean your car is already used and preferred by millions. Bring back the gleaming-clean beauty of your automobile. Drive with pride . . . win compliments from friends and neighbors. Best of all, save $75.00 to $100.00 in car wash money! Your chemically-treated Miracle Car Brush costs only $3.99 —and stays effective up to 12 months. (Then you can renew it.) Brush itself lasts for years!

Quickly pays for itself!

Figure out how much car washes are costing you—and you'll see how the Miracle Brush *pays for itself in only two to four weeks!* And—incredible as it may seem—it MUST work the way we say . . . or *it costs you nothing!* Check our no-nonsense 90-day guarantee . . . and be convinced. Then mail the risk-free coupon *today* for sure!

MILLIONS SOLD IN AMERICA!
NOW ONLY
$3.99

So effortless, a child can do it.

Fantastic inside your home, too. On furniture, floors, blinds.

90-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! Use Miracle Car Brush for 90 days. You **must** be absolutely delighted with it—or return for prompt refund of purchase price.

BUY WITH CONFIDENCE! ORDER TODAY!

JAY NORRIS 380 Madison Ave. Dept. 252-3
N.Y. N.Y. 10017

☐ Please rush me one **Miracle Car Brush** #R119 at purchase price of $3.99 plus 80¢ shipping and handling.

☐ **SAVE!** Order TWO at purchase price of only $6.99 plus 95¢ shipping and handling.

☐ **SAVE MORE!** Order FOUR at purchase price of only $12.99 plus $1.50 shipping and handling.

Enclosed is ☐ check or ☐ money order for $ _____
Sorry, no C.O.D.'s—(N.Y. residents add sales tax.)
Please Print:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

© JAY NORRIS CORP. 1977

380 Madison Ave. Dept.252-3, N.Y. N.Y. 10017
Serving Satisfied Customers for Over 25 Years.

SWITCH LIST

All ads in this section cost 35¢ a word (minimum 25 words, no maximum), including abbreviations, names, initials, numbers, cities, states, or provinces. Zip codes free. SSE means "enclose self-addressed stamped envelope." Send check or money order with each entry to Bill Balgley, advertising manager, Railroad Magazine, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Total remittance must accompany order. Deadline for ads: 15th of third month preceding month of issue. (Example: June issue closed Mar. 15.)

FOR SALE 150 different railroad emblem watch fobs, $2.50 each. Tie-tacs, key chains, tie-clips, $1.75 each. Large belt buckles, $5 each plus 50¢ postage. Send stamp for free list. Dealers write.—Hoovers, 120R Fruit, Peru, Ill. 61354.

FOR SALE: Historical Railroad Lanterns book, $6 postpaid. Order from author, A.S. Burkhalter, P.O. Box 41, Winchester, Tenn. 37398.

ROGER ARCARA, 1525 Leland Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10460, sells reconditioned folding roll-film cameras, sizes 120-620 and 116-616; also reconditioned movie cameras for 16mm and regular 8mm film. Details for 13¢ stamp.

PROTECT RAILROAD ITEMS, historical papers, emblems, signs, maps, etc., with clear polyethylene envelopes; 42 sizes to 25x31". Free listing. Samples 50¢.—Nelson, 306-R, Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514.

ORIGINAL DIESEL SLIDES for sale on approval (50¢ cover charge refundable.) Most roads. Too many to list. Also buying collections.—Romano, 3 Nightingale, Edison, N.J. 08817.

RAILFANS in the know read Midwestern Rails, which has articles about railfan locations, branch lines with photos and maps, and current diesel rosters. 12 monthly issues for only $7.50 Write to White Publishing, 208-K North Stewart St., Genesco, Illinois 61254.

VIRGINIA & TRUCKEE right-of-way/track/ station, maps, complete set or single sheets; also tickets, passes. Send SSE for details.—J.C. Benson, 402 S. Division St., Carson City, Nev. 89701.

COLOR DIESEL SLIDES. Thousands to choose from, representing hundreds of major railroads, shortlines, industries. Constantly expanding inventory from across North America. For current catalog and sample send $1 to Porreca, Box 22, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

OLD STATE, RAILROAD & COUNTY MAPS. 70-110 years old. All states. 13¢ stamp for catalog.—Northern Map Co., Dept. RR, Eagle River, Wisc. 54521.

20th CENTURY LIMITED GLASSES. Attractively decorated in red and grey, 12 oz. size. Set of six, $12 plus $3 shipping.—Marquis, Box 68, Bryan, Ohio 43506.

NEW LIST DINING CAR CHINA, glasses, silver, cloth. Railroad & Pullman metal and paper items. Nails, stationery, tts., menus. Display or eat from finer dinner dishes. Long SSAE.—James A. McClellan, 1752 S. Wichita, Wichita, Kan. 67213.

WILL BUY RAILROAD SOUVENIRS, dishes, glass, guides, tts., writing paper, envelopes, metal, cloth, uniforms. Want Pullman items. Small to large amounts. Good prices.—Elaine McClellan, 1752 S. Wichita, Wichita, Kan. 67213.

MICHAEL EAGLESON, 37 Edgemere Ave., Mt. Arlington, N.J. 07856, will sell two large cartons holding about 2,000 emp. and public tts. from 1950s and '60s for $200 plus postage.

TIMETABLE GRAB BAGS, all new material, back to early 40s $10.25; clear plastic slip covers for public timetables only $7.35 per 100. We buy timetable collections.—Coval, 21 E. Robin Rd., Holland, Pa. 18966.

WANTED: Steam locomotive number/builders plates. Especially need pre-Alco builders, plus UP shield, Pennsy keystone, NYC herald, RF&P, Frisco number plates.—Tim Moore, 3 Lincoln Lane, Simsbury, Conn. 06070.

LOCO DIAGRAM BOOKS, equipment rosters, named passenger trains book maps steam and diesel photos, timetables, magazines, misc. rr. items.—M. Brady, P.O. Box 206, West Chicago, Ill. 60185.

WANTED: Timetables, lanterns, keys, cap badges, china, other items of railroad interest, one or a collection.—Jim Prokes, 7850 S. Kenneth, #10, Chicago, Ill. 60652.

TIMETABLES FOR SALE: New lists quarterly, send SSE for latest list. Paying maximum prices for your collections, one or a thousand,—Carl Loucks, 199 Wayland St., Hamden, Conn. 06518.

EUREKA SPRINGS RAILROAD and Missouri & Arkansas RR. Museum. Newsletter $1. Information packet on organization $5 (refundable).—2421 N. Ramsey, Springfield, Mo. 65803.

RAILROAD JEWELRY: Tie tacs, cuff links, tie bars made from old date nails. Authentic conversation pieces. Brochure 25¢.—Norjeanne Enterprises, 17201 Drexel, South Holland, Ill. 60473.

WANTED: Anything B&O, especially hardware. Must be marked. Send price and condition in first letter.—James Russo, 117-D Osborne Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21228.

ORIGINAL COLOR SLIDE SETS: Steam, diesel, heavy electric, trolleys, Baldwins, cab units, stations, structures. List and sample $1 plus SSE.—John McCourt, 4133 Comly St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19135.

SECTION CREW ROTARY ENGINE CAR, coupling four passenger cars. Glamorized with frames and canopies, seats 30. Rebuilt from full-gage railroad cars. Asking $5,000. Track available. Also have other section cars. (313) 752-3418. Box 161, Romeo, Mich. 48065.

PASSENGER CARRYING MINIATURE TRAINS, 3½ to 24" gauges. Steam, gas, new, used, custom built. Photos, brochure $2.—"TRAINS", 142R County St., Seekonk, Mass. 02771.

SEND LONG SSE for listing of over 60 railroad lanterns. Also switch keys, locks, signs.—Kenneth Palmer, 128 Front St., Port Jervis, N.Y. 12771.

PAUL GARDE, 35-SLIDES CO., BOX 6098, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80934, out of business except to sell some slide collections of railroads and trolleys in East and South-Southeastern regions. Large SSE for info. State wants.

RAILROAD STOCK CERTIFICATES! Catalog plus beautiful railroad stock certificate, $2. Also eager to buy all stock certificates and bonds!—Ken Prag, Box 531R, Burlingame, Calif. 94010.

WANTED: Copies of photos of the Eureka Springs Railway or the Missouri & North Arkansas.—Steve Chyrchel, Route 2, Eureka Springs, Ark. 72632.

"SMOKE, STEAM & CINDERS," a pictorial history of railroading along the Middle Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, $2 per copy plus 50¢ for postage and handling. Send check or money order to Pennsylvania Mirror, Box P-10, State College, Pa. 16801.

WANTED: DENVER TRAMWAY photos, slides, negatives (b&w or color, original or copies), postcards, blueprints, system route maps, written history, *anything* on horsecars, cable-cars, streetcars, trolley coaches, city buses, in service or out of service (off trucks). Also same material on all other Colorado cities. Please write.—James Kunkle, Denver Tramway Historian, P.O. Box 2984, Denver, Colo. 80201.

RAILROAD RECORDINGS WANTED: LPs, tapes, cassettes!—Alden Miller, 3212 34th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn. 55406.

RAILROAD BOOKS, 435 titles, brass locos, trolleys, 20% off, old *Railroad, Trains* magazines. Want steam, electric loco negatives. SSE for list.—Eberle, Box 212R, Southampton, Pa., 18966.

STEAM NEGATIVES, outright sale and auction. Serious buyers only. Many roads. 25¢ for 1st list.—Ed Kochanek, P.O. Box 474, Batavia, Illinois 60510.

STREETCAR PHOTOGRAPHS, black & white. SSE for list.—Al Gilcher, 17 Lochland Rd., Valhalla, N.Y. 10595.

DUPLICATE COLOR SLIDES/PRINTS of all major roads, shortlines, passenger cars, and cabooses in North America. 12,000-item catalog with sample, $1, refundable.—Thomas Chenoweth, Box 948, Poway, Calif. 92064.

FOR SALE: *Official Guides,* 1921 to 1969, 1971-1973. 41 *Railroads,* 53 *Trams;* 9 P.C. *Railroader* magazines, $125 plus postage.—Dyke, 500 Riverside Dr., Morganton. N.C. 28655.

WANTED: LIBERATION MIKADO French National Railways 141R information, personal experiences. Photos under steam in U.S., movement from manufacturing plant to port of embarkation. Aerial photos Baldwin, Alco, MLW, CLW plants circa 1945. Need for book.—Chalmers Kerr, 2909 First Ave., Apt. 3A, San Diego, Calif. 92103.

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, Railroad Stories, 1930s to 1950s, over 225 issues. Will throw in free some 60s, 70s, also some *Trains Magazines;* $175 takes all.—Frank Chairmonte, 208 Howard St., Syracuse, N.Y. 13203.

HAVE *RAILROADER, TRAINS, RMC, Model Trains, Modelmaker, Railroad Magazines:* 1926-1975. Original Lionel, Am. Flyer, Maerklin, Fleischmann catalogs, 1930-1973. Lionel standard-gauge equipment.—Ben Smith, 861 Ronnie, Philadelphia, Pa. 19128.

WANTED: NEGATIVES, movies, transfers, any other items on Scranton Railway Co. and Scranton, Montrose & Binghamton Ry.—Charles Wrobleski, Box 663, Scranton, Pa. 18501.

STEAM LOCO NEGATIVES, trade for builder plates. Need one each Baldwin, Alco, Porter. Negs. are 616, 1930s to 1950s, narrow gauge, shortline, some SP, etc.—Ted Wurm, 122 Monte Vista, Oakland, Calif. 94611.

STEPHEN SANDKNOP RAILROADIANA Collection, final disposition, all remaining items (mostly dining-car silver) discounted. For updated list send $1 to Stephen Sandknop Collection, Box 22405, Minneapolis, Minn. 55422.

FOR SALE: Rare, 3-wheeled veloscipede inspection car with wooden spoked wheels, built about 1850. Standard gauge, A-1 shape, $1,500, or will consider trade of hand-pump car toward price.—Tom Diehl, 8653 Bender St., Navarre, Ohio 44662.

ABOUT 1120 color and 490 b&w items available as prints or slides on my BN, CB&Q, C&S, GN, NP, and SP&S lists. Send 50¢ to William Eley, P.O. Box 764J, Waukegan, Illinois 60085.

THROW AWAY YOUR OLD GAS-GULPING, POWER-ROBBING SPARK PLUGS!

Now!...*Run Your Car Without Spark Plugs...

GET MORE HORSEPOWER, MORE MILES PER GALLON USING ONLY YOUR ORDINARY GAS!

***This revolutionary new invention, installed in less than 15 minutes, is so different it had to be given a brand-new name ... the FIRE INJECTOR. It must give you MORE horsepower, MORE miles per gallon for the life of your car. See unprecedented Guarantee below!**

Your car runs because gasoline is fed into the cylinders where a spark causes it to fire. This action causes the gasoline to explode—this explosion pushes down the pistons. Now, here is the important thing to you. The larger this spark is, the more powerful the explosion. The more powerful the explosion, the more **power** you get from a given amount of gasoline.

Poor explosion means wasted gas, loss of power, poor getaway, bad starting, a sluggish car. A good explosion means more miles per gallon, more horsepower, better pickup, quick starting, an exciting car to drive.

WHAT CONTROLS YOUR ENGINE EFFICIENCY?

Your spark plugs control the efficiency of that explosion. And if they are **borderline** plugs, not only do they give a small spark to begin with, but they get worse every mile you drive. **That** you can see for yourself! Put a new set of spark plugs in your car and then look at them at 100 miles — at 1,000 miles — at 5,000 miles. Every time you look you will see more filth and carbon...more of the electrode burning and eroding away.

Why, some of the new high compression engines can burn up a set of spark plugs in a couple of thousand miles of driving. *Now, you tell me how a weak, inefficient spark from a filthy, burned-out plug can possibly give you the kind of flashing, economical performance you want from your car!*

NEW PLUG OLD PLUG

Spark plug experts admit that plugs only 200 hours old can **waste up to one quart of gas out of every gallon you buy**...that's 25¢ for every $1.00 you spend. And—after only 10,000 miles, they're ready for the garbage!

STOP USING YOUR OLD BORDER-LINE SPARK PLUGS NOW!

Now, read very carefully what I'm going to suggest. I am going to give you the idea to **stop using 10,000-mile spark plugs in your car!** That's right...get rid of them forever! But, you may ask: *"If I get rid of my plugs, what will make my engine run?"*

Well, please remember that if you were told a couple of years ago that your car could run without a carburetor, you simply wouldn't have believed it—yet today you can have gas injection and get more mileage, efficiency and power from less gas—and in a few years gas injection will have replaced carburetors on most cars. In the same way, all you have to do is to replace your old, borderline, inefficient spark plugs with a modern fuel ignition system, and you can do it yourself in 15 minutes if you've never handled a tool in your whole life!

MECHANICS AND ENGINEERS READ THE FOLLOWING CAREFULLY

Now, the new fire injection I am talking about is so inexpensive that it can pay for itself in gasoline savings alone. For the moment, forget about the **extra pep, power** and **performance** that can be in store for you. Forget about the **savings in spark plug servicing and replacement, the savings in wear and tear on pistons and cylinders.** Just remember that *one plug mis-firing in a V-8 engine can cut mileage by as much as* 12%. Just remember that this fire injection system can pay for itself in gas savings.

Let me tell you how:

A spark plugs jumps a spark of electricity across an air gap; this is very wasteful, and limits the size of the spark.

A **fire injector** fires on the surface of a semi-conductive material which delivers a heavy, powerful flame that will not blow out at pressures far greater than those created by high-compression engines!

On borderline spark plugs, the air gap is always getting larger—wasting power and gasoline. Your plugs are constantly accumulating filth and carbon because of inefficient ignition.

A **fire injector** has no air gap to erode away. It will actually outlast your automobile, delivering maximum efficiency without servicing or replacement. There is no wasted gasoline, no loss of power to which you are entitled.

Ordinary spark plugs have to be replaced regularly — or for extra life, you must remove them — clean them — regap and then re-install them.

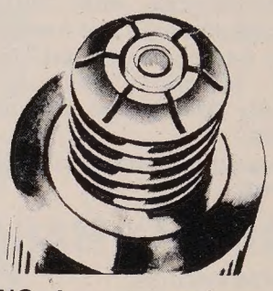
A **fire injector** is guaranteed for the life of your car - no cleaning, servicing, replacing.

POSITIVE, SCIENTIFIC PROOF!

When you get your set of **Fire Injectors,** here is all you do. If you have automatic transmission — make a note of how fast your car crawls forward when it is in the drive position with the motor idling. If you have a sports car, a racing car or a boat — make a note of the tachometer RPMs when idling.

If you have a regular transmission, put your car in low gear on a level road and notice its speed with the motor idling. Next, take any inexpensive spark plug wrench and remove your spark plugs. You'll never need them again! Just screw your **fire injectors** into the spark plug openings.

✓ CHECK THESE DIFFERENCES!

SPARK PLUG	FIRE INJECTOR
	
• Fires across air gap	NO air gap to erode away
• Wire electrode burns away	NO wire electrode
• Carbon ruins firing tip	NO tip deterioration
• Needs cleaning & setting	NO cleaning or setting
• Needs periodic replacing	NO replacing
• Spark blows out under pressure	NO blowing out even at highest compression

If you have automatic transmission, now put your car in drive and let your engine idle. If your car stood still with spark plugs, it will now move forward at from 4 to 6 miles per hour; that means the amount of gas that just kept your engine turning over will now carry you **further — faster — cheaper!**

If you have a racing car, sports car or boat, your RPMs will increase up to 200 *more* at idling, up to 300 *more* at high speed.

If you have regular transmission, in low gear and with your motor idling, your car will more forward 4 to 6 miles per hour *faster.* In other words, no matter what you drive, here is **absolute proof** that you can go **further** — go **faster** — go **cheaper** when you have proven **fire injectors** in your car!

ORDER YOUR FIRE INJECTORS NOW!

You can have your set of **Fire Injectors** for the year and model of your car for a fraction of their value, and if they do not deliver maximum performance, you get your money back within 30 days, or **FREE** replacement for as long as you own that car.

GUARANTEE: Use your **Fire Injectors** entirely at our risk ... give them every test you can think of ... **power — economy — starting — smoothness — performance,** etc. Then, if you are not completely satisfied at the end of 30 days, simply return them for full refund. We further guarantee **Free Replacement** of any **Fire Injector,** regardless of the reason, for as long as you own your car. Every set of **Fire Injectors** is fully protected by a world-famous insurance company.

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOTIVE LABS CORP.
380 Madison Avenue Dept. RS-2705
New York, N.Y. 10017

Yes! ... I want to try **Fire Injectors** at your risk. If, at the end of 30 days I am not completely delighted ... if the **Injectors** don't do everything you say, I will simply return them for my money back.

☐ I enclose the full price ... you pay the postage.
☐ Send COD—I will pay postman plus postage and COD charges.

☐ Set(s) of **4** Fire Injectors **$7.90** ☐ Set(s) of **6** Fire Injectors **$11.85** ☐ Set(s) of **8** Fire Injectors **$15.80**

Car #1 Make_____ Year_____ Model_____ # of Cyls._____

Car #2 Make_____ Year_____ Model_____ # of Cyls._____

Name_____

Address_____

City, State, Zip_____

AUTHENTIC LIBBEY RAILROAD logo dining-car glasses. You select from NYC, Frisco, Santa Fe, *Phoebe Snow*, Erie Lackawanna, Delaware & Hudson, GMO, Erie Railroad. 12 glasses only $18.—John Stone, 6810 Chambers Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44105.

FOR SALE: Original Kodak slides and negatives of mainline, shortline, industrial locomotives and equipment. 35¢ in stamps for slide list. 79¢ for negative list.—David Hamley, 110 Delano, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15236.

MAIL AUCTION OF BOOKS, catalogs, manuals, tts., etc. About 500 items. Send 24¢ in stamps for list.—David Hamley, 110 Delano, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15236. ●

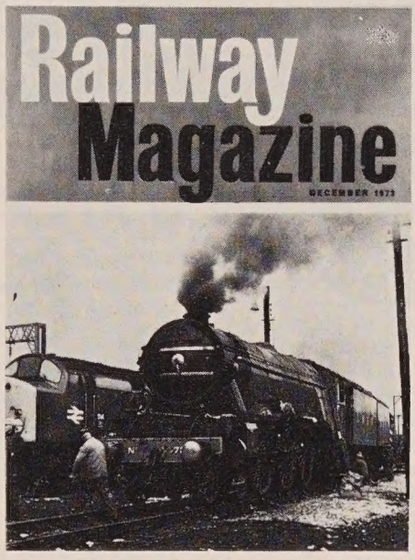
For nearly 80 years RAILWAY MAGAZINE has been closely connected with the making of railroad history.

Published monthly it has a full colour cover and centre-spread, and a Panorama section of nostalgic and news pictures with comprehensive descriptions. Each issue carries an article on locomotive practice and performance; these are authoritative accounts of steam, diesel and electric locomotive performances, with illustrations and tabulated data. The contents are carefully balanced with articles on modern and historical railroad subjects—mainly British, but including overseas items.

Subscriptions post free, $18.20 per year ($31.50 airmail)

RAILWAY MAGAZINE

DORSET HOUSE,
STAMFORD STREET,
LONDON, SE1 9LU ENGLAND



Coming Events

(No charge for listing here)

EACH MONTH except Aug., N.Y. Reg. of National Assn. of Timetable Collectors meets third Sat., 10 a.m., Penn Sta., NYC, in Y meeting room, lower level, near track 6. For Midwest Reg. NAOTC meetings contact Alan Follett, 300 N. State St., Apt. 5026, Chicago, Ill. 60610.

April 22-24: Yosemite Valley Sojourn. Ride Amtrak to and from Merced. Bus to valley with two nights at Yosemite Lodge. Sugar Pine steam with Shay. May 21-22: Sacramento River boat cruise by deep-water channel. Overnight accommodations Sacramento, or go one-way either day, special bus connections. May 26-31: Western Parks-Lake Powell Spectacular. Air to Las Vegas, special bus to Zion and Bryce National Parks, overnight at both. Two nights at Wahweap, full day boat ride on lake. Night and Grand Canyon tour. June 18-26: Black Hill-Mt. Rushmore Historical Tour via special bus plus Black Hills Central steam train. Amtrak to Cheyenne and return from Ogden. Contact James Weinberger, tour director, R&LHS, 2539 Hopkins Ave., Redwood City, Calif. 94062.

April 22, 23 & 24: Carl Hagenback Ring of Circus Model Builders and Lions Club operating 0 gage layout, model railroading, movies, military figures, circus models, etc. Old Hamond Town School, Shaw St., Mattapoisett, Mass. April 22: 7-10 p.m., April 23: 10 a.m.-9 p.m., April 24: noon-6 p.m., small admission charge. Info from Henry Watson, 69 Columbus Ave., West Bridgewater, Mass. 02379.

April 23: New Haven Railroad Technical Info. Assn. 15th annual reunion, 9:30 a.m.-6:30 p.m. at Wallingford station; movies, slides, model displays, dealers, manufacturers. $1.50 preregistration, $2 at door. Send SSE for info to Ronald J. Hull, 280 N. Elm St., Wallingford, Conn. 06492, or call 203 265-2464 after 6 p.m.

April 24: special SEPTA, Red Arrow Div., Philadelphia trolley trip. Lv. 69th St. Term. 1 p.m., Media and Sharon Hill lines, return about 5 p.m. Reservations, adults $7, kids $3.50. Write Ernest Kovacs, 416 2nd Ave., Bethlehem, Pa. 18018.

April 29-May 1: R&LHS annual meeting in San Francisco-Sacramento area, visit Pacific Coast Chapter's historic loco and rail collection at replica of Central Pacific depot in Old Sacramento Museum complex. Banquet, top speaker, Sat. night, Apr. 30, San Francisco. Contact Arthur Lloyd, 20 Arapahoe Court, Portola Valley, Calif. 94025.

April 30-May 1: (Was postponed): Farewell to the Rockets. Train lv. Sat., LaSalle St. Sta., Chicago, 9 a.m., return Sun. 10 p.m. Reserved seat coaches, snack bar, diner. Bicentennial E-8 652 with possible B unit pulling train. Photo stops. Round trip 716 miles. Adults $60, kids, 5-11, $55. Doesn't incl. reservations at Hotel Savery. Seat reserv. coupon with ticket. Old tickets not honored. Info from Albert G. Roth, All-Nation Hobby Shop, 220 W. Madison St., Chicago, or LS&MS Ry., 908½ Franklin St., Apt. 2, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

April 30-May 1: 2nd annual meet Railroadiana Collectors Assn. of Western N.Y., Howard Johnson's Empire Room, 4217 Genesee St., Cheektowaga, N.Y., near airport, Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sun., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Adults 50¢, kids under 12 with parents free. Tables for collectors, dealers, sell or swap. Contact Mel Pempsell, Box 1028, Sta. D, Buffalo, N.Y. 14210.

May 1: Railroadiana flea market sponsored by Mansfield Model RR. Club at United Steel Workers Local 169 hall, 369 Longview Ave., Mansfield, 9 a.m.-5 p.m., $1. Items sold or traded. Dealers welcome. Write James R. Smith, president, 52½ N. Main St., Mansfield, Ohio 44902.

May 5-8: Pacific Coast Reg. of NMRA annual convention, San Jose Convention Center and Downtown Holiday Inn, sponsored by Calif. Central Model RR. Club. Show open to public: some top rail artists, history of model railroading, toy and scale trains, etc. Contact Claire D. Kotowski, '77 Rails West, Agnew Station, Santa Clara, Calif. 95054.

May 7: Pottstown Chapt. NRHS, railroadiana auction, at Sanatoga Fire Co., east of Pottstown on Rte. 422. Inspection, 9 a.m., sale, 11 a.m. Details from Ted Maurer, auctioneer, 1931 N. Charlotte St., Pottstown, Pa. 19464.

May 14: Cleveland "Trolleyville USA" open house fan charter. Ride many of 30 cars on display, $4. Contact Jim Businger, Lake Shore Ry. Club, 191 Inwood Blvd., Avon Lake, Ohio 44012. SAE for details.

May 14-15; 21-22: annual railfan weekends with geared steam locos on 11% grades, switchbacks, night photos, both week-ends. Info from Cass Scenic R.R., Box 75, Cass, W. Va. 24927.

May 15: Railroad Show sponsored by the New Haven RR. Hist. Society and New Haven RR Preservation Committee, 1-5 p.m. at former Union Street Ry. Weld St. carbarn, 1959 Purchase St., New Bedford, Mass. Barn located off I-195 at Penniman St. exit. Dealer display space available. Proceeds go toward preserving New Haven electric loco. Write Wm. Wheeler, 119 Fisher St., Westwood, Mass. 02090, or Steve Nelson, 37 Bulkmaster Rd., Westwood, Mass.

May 21: Nat. Assn. of Timetable Collectors spring bourse, Geo. Washington Motor Lodge, Trevose, Pa., U.S. 1 at Penna. Turnpike (exit 28), 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; 60 dealers, buy, sell, trade, tts., postcards, photos, all invited. Query Tom Coval, 21 E. Robin Rd., Holland, Pa. 18966.

May 21: Calif.-Nev. Reg. of NAOTC, West Coast bourse of railroadiana and sale at Johnson's Motor Lodge, 4222 Vineland Ave., North Hollywood, Calif. 8 a.m.-6 p.m., incl. auction; 50¢ admission. Sales tables $5 each in advance from Jeff S. Asay, 5480 Ferguson Dr., Los Angeles, Calif. 90020. Bourse info from Vaughn Sanders, 15617 Stevens Ave., Bellflower, Calif. 90706. (SAE)

May 20-22: Western Region meeting, Mobile Post Office Society, plus ROMPEX (Rocky Mountain Stamp Show), Regency Inn, 38th Ave. and I-25, Denver. Write John Willard, 1025 Monroe St., Denver, Colo. 80206.

May 21: annual Railroad Buffs Assn. outing, N.Y. City Trip on a London doubledecker bus over routes used by old doubledeckers on 5th Ave. Lv. 33rd St. and 7th Ave. at Penn Sta., 10 a.m.; return 4 p.m. Photo stops. Members $10, non-members $11. RBA railroad program at Penn Sta. YMCA starting about 7:30 p.m. Admission $1.75. Info about semi-monthly newsletter and annual program from Robt. M. Epstein, pres.-treas. 117-14 Union Turnpike, Kew Gardens, N.Y. 11415.

June 7-9: United Transportation Union, Region 6, meets at LaQuinta Royale Motor Inn, Corpus Christi, Texas.

June 18: 8th annual Bemis St. Ry. railfans' day. Narrow-gage steam train trips, flea market, model show. Space and tables $2. Write with SSE to Edaville R.R. Railfans' Day. P.O. Box 7, South Carver, Mass. 02566.

June 18-19: annual Steamtown railfans weekend, much steam action guaranteed; photo stops, run-bys, night photo session, door prizes, cab rides. Write Steamtown Foundation, Dept. RR, P.O. Box 71, Bellows Falls, Vt. 05101.

June 21-23: UTC, Region 9, meets at North Shore Motor Hotel, North Shore Plaza, Coeur D'Alene, Idaho. ●

Why do some people think Bud® is sort of special?

Go ahead and find out why!

(Brewing beer right *does* make a difference.)

Budweiser®
KING OF BEERS®
Brewed by our original process from the
Choicest Hops, Rice and Best Barley Malt
THE LARGEST-SELLING BEER IN THE WORLD
Anheuser-Busch, Inc.
ST. LOUIS, NEWARK, LOS ANGELES, TAMPA, HOUSTON
COLUMBUS, JACKSONVILLE, MERRIMACK, WILLIAMSBURG

When you say Budweiser®, you've said it all!

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS

A day in Aug. '75 was ending as these SP helpers idled on siding at Tehachapi, Calif.